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THE SKETCH.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Why does one always feel a prisoner in a flat? I suppose that the very size of the "Mansions" is an oppression on the spirit, suggesting the Blenheim epitaph for the builder of them—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy weight on thee.

Then the lift in the crevice of the hall is full of suggestions of a cage. Lady Colin Campbell in a Carlisle Mansions flat, even though the lift concerns her not as a ground-floor tenant, and though her drawing-room



Photo by Army and Navy Auxiliary C.S., Ltd.

EARLY PORTRAIT OF LADY COLIN.

is in splendid scale with her own loftiness, seems to be an incongruity. For Lady Colin is both by nature and by accident cosmopolitan and free—uncribbed, uncabined, and unconfined. Belonging by birth to County Clare, whither her fathers went in the spacious days of Elizabeth, she spent much of her early life in Italy. She "came out" in the London she loves and knows in every nook. Paris has in her an adopted daughter with the very accent and the very bonnet; and she thoroughly knows her Nile—the Nile of Cleopatra. Wherever she has been, she has seen, she has listened, and she has remembered. The tie she made with Scotland is, in truth, severed, for her marriage in 1881 was speedily followed by litigation in which she won and maintained, through an intricacy of suits, a

judicial separation from Lord Colin Campbell. The variety of Lady Colin's life attaches also to her tastes. If she has been to many places, she has also accomplished many things. It is interesting to know which of her various parts has Lady Colin's own preference, and from her one is sure of a straight answer to a straight question.

I remind Lady Colin of the extravaganza of her friend and painter, Mr. Whistler, who, when some one gave a list of the outside accomplishments of our Admirable Crichton President of the Academy, interposed, "Yes, and I believe he paints a little too." I had the same belief of Lady Colin, and she does not gainsay it.

"From my earliest childhood," she says, "I was accustomed to hear art subjects discussed by my father, a connoisseur, who was himself a pupil of Gleyre and Couture in Paris. I studied painting with Duveneck in Florence. I always look back on my atelier days, when I was working from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, as some of the happiest of my life. After my return to England I worked off and on in the National Gallery. I have seen most of the great collections in Europe. If you ask me my favourites in the English school of the present day I need only say that I think Watts and Burne-Jones are painters of whom any country and any century might be proud." Though she has no longer time to practise an art in which she had a very pretty talent, Lady Colin admits that, anyhow, the attention she gave to practical studio work was not wasted. "The technical study and the training of the powers of observation have been of the very greatest use to me as an art critic." Her work in this department has been easily recognised in the *World* and elsewhere for the last five years.

"And there is your music," I say, remembering the hundreds of times Lady Colin has sung, in and out of season, to the poor, to whom her voice and presence are familiar, not only in concert halls, but also in hospitals, in working girls' clubs, and in a hundred homes.

"I have sung," she says, "ever since I can remember. I studied in Florence under Baci, the pupil and successor of Romani, who may be considered the last of the great classical school of Italian teachers. Later on I studied under Tosti, than whom no better master exists. One of my great pleasures I take in going to the opera, where my favourite composers are Verdi (in his recent work), Wagner, and Gounod."

When I say to Lady Colin that I suppose it is in journalism she finds her principal interest, she assents doubtfully, with the modification that circumstance rather than choice has made her work with the pen and not with the brush.

"I enjoy journalism on account of its actuality and the keen edge it puts on one's observing and critical faculties. I think the pressure under which the journalist works, though often abused, and though often a bore, is in itself a help and an incentive. One never writes

better than when the printer's devil is waiting in the hall. I like critical descriptive writing—the nearest approach that literature can make to painting. I can certainly say I am aided in both by the possession of a photographic memory. I do not need to take a kodak about with me—my senses are more comprehensive and retentive."

Lady Colin confesses to having published her first article when she was fifteen, and in *Cassell's Family Magazine*. But she has lost all count of the innumerable articles written since in half a score of other papers and magazines. Her "Book of the Running Brook" consists of essays on fresh-water fishes, reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, to which she has been an industrious contributor. No writer of a novel that sells can refrain from writing another; so I do not think it necessary to ask Lady Colin whether "Darell Blake" will have successors.

Diana of the Crossways liked to be near Parliament—close to the hum of the legislative life of the Empire. Lady Colin seems to have this sentiment, perhaps with many another, in common with her countrywoman of Mr. Meredith's creation and adaptation. When you think of Diana caged in London, you think of a drawing-room such as that in Carlisle Mansions. It has a ceiling painted with blue sky and cloud by the facile Italians; cushions lie in heaps upon the couch—they are "tossed of down." And cast over the back so that the great head lies where a hand may rest upon its round surface as the owner talks, is a magnificent tiger-skin. The "fearful symmetry" is all undone, the design is spread open, the skin that shuddered with stealthy life lies like a robe, a thing inorganic. Opposite stands a rolling-up desk—the kind of desk that keeps the secret of the unfinished page, and wherein an author may leave paper and notes and pens and ink, to find them again in the precise attitude necessary to the particular piece of work in progress—a desk that always looks all order without, whatever it may be within. Palms intersect the lines of the room with their inimitable curves. The walls, papered thick with Japanese gold, are almost covered with framed things—some of these being pictures of singular value and beauty, such as the fine Cazins. The hooded mantelpiece, many-shelved, is in oak, and goes far up towards the ceiling. Every surface is gracefully strewn about with things to read, or is made to bear flowers. The room is longish rather than broad, and is further lengthened by a great mirror at one end, that doubles the distances. The high London windows let in a whitely-filtered light through the Parisian *rideaux de vitrage* that closely cover the glass. Lady Colin has an environment all her own. Her walls are what the walls of every drawing-room ought to be: an expression of the owner's individuality—her outer skirts.

Outside, you are reminded again that the towers of the People's Palace at Westminster are at hand. There, in their hundreds, are the picked men of the nation, with many a riddle of political life to guess, many a hope to fulfil, many a disaster to avert. They have a great work



Photo by Leroux, Rue Napoléon, Paris.

LADY COLIN IN GIRLHOOD.

to do, but a greater will remain undone. And, somehow, you are thinking of problems which Parliament cannot solve, and of the impotence of laws rather than of their power in the destiny of men and women, when you pass out of the portals of Carlisle Mansions, and willingly interrupt your reverie to count the booms of Big Ben.

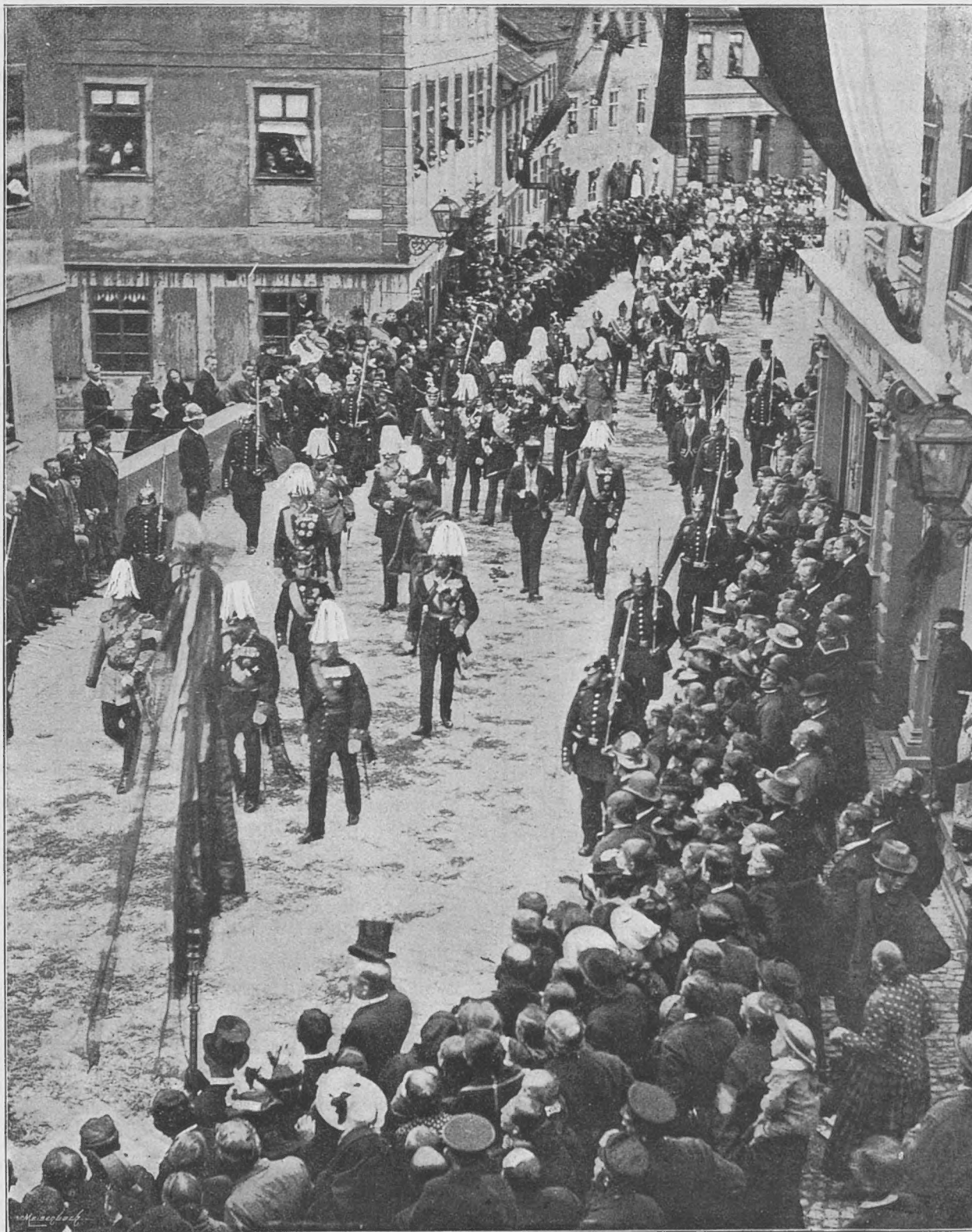
W. M.

THE LATEST EUROPEAN RULER.

"We, Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Royal Prince of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Edinburgh, Count of Ulster and of Kent, also Duke of Jülich, Cleve and Berg, also of Engern and Westphalia, Landgrave of Thuringia, Margrave of Meissen, Princely Count of Henneberg, Count of Mark and Ravensberg, and Lord of Ravenstein, and Tonna and Füregen." How strange the conglomeration of titles which hides the name of the Prince whom we have all known so long as

then Prince William of Baden, Prince Philip of Coburg, and the Grand Duke of Baden; next Prince Carl of Baden, Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen (the Prince of Bulgaria being distinguished, amidst all the other Princes, by his wearing plain evening dress); and next Prince William of Hesse, the Count of Flanders, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. The widowed Duchess Alexandrine and the ladies of the Court assembled in the church, where a Lutheran service was celebrated.

The succession of the Duke of Edinburgh to the duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha revives many memories of the close connection



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT COBURG.—A SNAP-SHOT BY W. ADLER.

the Duke of Edinburgh seems, and yet the very submerging of the Duke's familiar title in the ponderous official edict quoted is a forerunner of his disappearance from the active life he has led in our own country.

Coburg saw the last of the old Duke on Monday week, when his remains were borne from the Castle of Reinhardsbrunn to their last resting-place in the Church of St. Maurice. The town does not often see such a stately funeral, and thousands of people came from all parts of the duchy to witness the sight. The part of the procession given in our illustration shows the long line immediately following the hearse and beginning with the chief mourners. Three and three, they slowly marched in the following order: Duke Alfred, with the German Emperor on his right and the King of Saxony on his left; the Hereditary Prince Alfred, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught;

between the ruling families of England and of Germany. The Teutonic ancestry of our Royal Family has long since ceased to be remembered to its depreciation. And yet it is not so very long ago since the Scotch Jacobites sneered at England's King as a "wee wee German lairdie." Since that the two peoples have been brought to closer quarters by many marriages, so many, in fact, that enthusiasm in this country over a royal wedding never rises so much as when the bride or bridegroom, as the case may be, does *not* hail from Germany. On the other hand, it is sometimes forgotten that among certain sections of the German people this feeling of hostility is reciprocated. The Empress Frederick has known that to her cost, and her brother, Duke Alfred of Coburg, has been regarded with the same jealous eye in certain German newspapers, which would have preferred the succession of his son, who is more thoroughly Germanised.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The season of amateur riders is now about to commence, and plenty of talent will, I hear, be forthcoming. Major Owen and Captain Barry will not be available, but Captain Bewicke will be often seen in the saddle. Mr. G. B. Milne rides again this winter, so do Lord Molyneux, the brothers Ripley, Mr. R. Moncreiffe, and Mr. C. Thompson. Mr. W. Pullen will score in hunters' flat races, so will Mr. Willie Moore. I am told that Mr. Teague and Mr. Tippler are on the Continent, but they will return to England for the winter. The last-named gentleman carries all before him at the little hunt meetings held in the eastern counties. Mr. Atkinson will both own and ride horses this year, as will the brothers Widger. We are not likely to often see Mr. Swan in the saddle, and Mr. J. C. Dormer has finally retired since losing an eye. The brothers Thirlwell will be available for hunters' flat races, so will Lord Cholmondeley, Sir J. Duke, and Mr. Harding-Cox.

I hope the report that the Prince of Wales is to have a few jumpers in training will turn out to be true, as we are sadly in want of leading owners for the winter pastime. His Royal Highness at one time rode very straight to hounds himself, and I happen to know that he prefers hurdle to flat racing. The Prince, unfortunately, had two or three bad horses in the late J. Jarvis's stable. Magic turned out to be very moderate, Lady Hetty was a delicate mare, and Lord Chatham was supposed to be far from sound. Again, The Scot, who could jump and go fast at home, was a commoner on the course, and after his bad display in the Grand National his Royal Highness, if I remember aright, gave the disappointing animal to Lord Marcus Beresford.

We are hardly likely to see the heavy betting over this year's Autumn Handicaps which took place in Comedy's year, as no bookmaker is prepared to launch out as Mr. Joe Thompson did on that occasion. The pencilers complain that owners, by some means or the other, get the best of the deal just now, and, no matter how returned in the quotations, the winner often proves to be the horse that has been most heavily backed. In small races, too, several mysterious transactions have occurred of late. When two horses run in the same interest, and one stands favourite and the other at 10 to 1, the presumption is, if the latter wins, that the stable have lost their money. Not so, however, as £100 has been put on one at the post, which makes a decided favourite, while perhaps a "monkey" has been carefully laid out on the other away. One commission agent boasts that through his agents all over the country he wins £7000 on any outsider, and yet does not give to any one agent more than a "pony" to lay out. His organisation must be complete.

It is reported at Newmarket that several owners are about to retire from active participation in the Turf. I believe the Duchess of Montrose will reduce her stud still further, but, according to rumour, Mr. Milner will next season run horses on his own account. I believe Messrs. Cooper will not enlarge their holdings in horseflesh, and one or two large owners will probably give up altogether. On the other hand, it is said Mr. Brassey is going in largely for racing; Mr. J. A. Miller has become a good patron of the Turf, and it is probable that "Mr. Clover" and Mr. A. Spalding will once more have horses in training. It is hinted that many of the leading trainers are bent on increasing their charges, on account of the price of provender having gone up so, but the idea comes at an inopportune moment, when money is tight.

One of the best-known habitués of the racecourse is Mr. Tom White, who is out early and late to glean information about horses and their doings. Mr. White travels the meetings the whole year round, although he makes a point of returning to his house at Epsom every Saturday when it is possible to do so. As a judge of horseflesh he has few superiors, while his knowledge of form is perfect. He employs three assistants, and I am told the expenses of the firm are about £40 per week—not a bad sum to make up. Mr. White corresponds for several newspapers, and his clients include some of the leading bookmakers throughout the country. "Early to bed and early to rise" is the motto rigidly adhered to by members of Mr. White's profession, the majority of whom enjoy their work, if we except the weary railway journeys. In appearance Mr. White is a jovial, good-natured-looking man, with the ever-present smile and huge cigar.

What a pity that more masters of foxhounds do not patronise steeplechasing! If I had my way, every M.F.H. should, by reason of his office, become a member of the National Hunt Committee. We should then get natural sport between the flags during the winter months, as the fences would be built more in keeping with those to be found in any fair hunting country. Further, the farmers would be encouraged to breed stout steeplechasers, that could easily be trained while following the hounds. In the opinion of many good judges, the regulation ditch, better known as "The Grave," has been a great drawback to steeplechasing.

The Hon. C. N. Howard, who may be said to be the mainstay of steeplechasing and hurdle racing in this country—indeed, he is the only member of the National Hunt Committee who regularly attends the meetings—is a brother of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, a well-known member of the Jockey Club, who acted as steward for one term. Mr. Howard does not own horses, but I believe he advises in the management of those running in M. Lebaudy's name. The latter, who made his money out of sugar in France, is likely to have a large stud in training this winter.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The number of shooting licenses issued this year has been abnormal. The Government has made an order that applications for licenses shall be written on paper, impressed with a sixpenny stamp, thus adding about 6000 francs a year to the revenue.

At the Halles Centrales, the day after shooting opened, game was being sold at the following prices, which, when sold again in the shops, fetched nearly double: Hares, 8f. to 9f.; partridges, in capital condition and very plump, 2f. 50c. to 4f.; quails, 1f. to 1f. 50c.; deer, about 65f.; pheasants, which were very scarce, 5f. to 6f.

Mdlle. Marguerite Martini has sung herself into the good graces of captious critics and the impartial public in one night at the Opéra, where she created the rôle of Sieglinde in "La Monnaie." She was recalled twice after each act—a very rare event nowadays for any but quite old-established favourites. I predicted her success a few weeks ago, and now congratulate her sincerely.

A curious incident occurred at the Menus-Plaisirs last week, where "La Timbale d'Argent" was being played. When the time came for the overture to begin not a single musician had arrived, and eventually the manager appeared on the stage and informed the audience, who had begun to grumble, that the "gentlemen of the orchestra not having turned up to perform their duty," a piano would, for that night, replace them. The audience took the little contretemps in very good part, and the piece proceeded. But the theatre has since closed its doors, just as the others are opening again, so that the musicians have evidently "struck."

M. Émile Zola is collecting funds for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Guy de Maupassant. The Russians are assisting greatly, I hear, as the deceased author was a great favourite on the banks of the Neva.

Great news for the French from the German Court. The Emperor has engaged a French *cordon bleu* at last—a thing which up to now he declared he never would do. William I.'s cook was a Frenchman, Urbain Dubois, who, when the war broke out, wanted to retire. The Empress Augusta, however, persuaded him to remain, and later on, as a recognition of her esteem for him, his native village in France was exempt from paying contribution to the Germans after their victory over the French. The Empress Augusta once said: "*Il n'y a que les Français pour avoir de l'esprit jusque'en cuisine.*"

A most sad accident happened to Mrs. Tyng's child, aged four years, last week. She was left to the care of a servant, who, wanting to go out on an errand, for safety's sake, locked the child in a bed-room. On her return, to her horror, she saw smoke issuing from under the door, and, bursting into the room, found the poor little thing unconscious on the floor, her clothes smouldering, and her body most dreadfully burned. She had got at a box of matches to play with, and accidentally set fire to herself. She died twenty minutes after she was taken to the Beaujon Hospital. Mr. Tyng is the manager of the Paris branch of an American insurance company. The poor mother, on arriving home from a call, and hearing the dreadful news, rushed to the hospital, only to find the little one dead. The shock was so great that she was obliged to remain there the night herself.

A very sensational shooting affair took place lately at Clermont. A young and pretty circus rider, Eugénie Weiss, was married some years ago to a Russian Baron, on the condition that he should allow her to still continue her occupation of *écuyère de haute école*. They lived happily together for some time, the husband arranging her engagements and accompanying her always to the circus. When in Denmark, a young officer, M. Castenkiold, of the 4th Dragoons, took a great fancy to the Baronne de Rahden, and paid her such attentions that a duel with the husband was the consequence. No injury was done to either party, and they separated almost amicably. Three years later, which brings us up to last week, the Baronne de Rahden had an engagement at the Cirque Brésilien, and, to her surprise and her husband's indignation, she discovered that M. Castenkiold had persuaded the proprietor to give him an engagement as rider in the same circus. The Baron went to the police, declaring that if they wouldn't free him of this tenacious lover he would himself. They declined to interfere in the matter, and the consequence was that the same night, just as the Baronne was riding into the ring, the jealous husband shot his supposed rival, wounding him so severely that he is not expected to recover. The Baronne de Rahden is very popular in Paris, where she has performed several seasons at the Nouveau Cirque.

Maitre Jean, one of the ablest of French lawyers, was shot in church by Madame Alziary, of Roquefort, who alleged that he had injured her pecuniarily in some certain legal affairs, in which he was the lawyer for the other side. She approached her victim to within a yard, and then fired determinedly three times in succession, each bullet taking effect. This happened at Montpellier, and has caused the greatest excitement, and great sympathy is felt for the family. One of his daughters married the son of Admiral Krantz.

MIMOSA.



OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The sensation of the moment is the mysterious death of Lieutenant Hambrough, who was found shot dead on the estate of Ardlamont, in the Kyles of Bute. The last big sensation in the west of Scotland was when Laurie murdered the tourist in Arran, and the curious point about both is that the victims were English. Excitement has been roused to the highest pitch by the arrest of Mr. Monson, the young Yorkshire gentleman who leased the shootings.

It appears that the estate was in the market, and Mr. Monson was desirous of purchasing it. A month after his arrival as tenant Lieutenant Hambrough arrived. He had recently inherited a quarter



Photo by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH.

of a million from a relative, and Mr. Monson was his guardian. One morning, two days before the Twelfth, the pair went out to shoot. Shortly afterwards Mr. Hambrough was found shot dead. It was at first believed that death was due to his own rifle going off.

Cholera has made an alarming invasion of Grimsby. Last week one death from Asiatic cholera occurred, and during the past month eighty deaths have been registered as from intestinal complaints, against twenty during August last year. The authorities are vigorously grappling with the difficulty.

When Mr. Gladstone, after getting the Home Rule Bill through the Commons, drove away from Palace Yard soon after one o'clock on Saturday morning, he found many hundreds of admirers waiting for him. The air was chilly and damp, and yet it had not damped the courage of those people, who had been waiting for some hours on the kerb.

Ballooning, it is said, is to be one of the features in our autumn military manœuvres. Not a few changes have been effected in aeronautics since the days of Mr. Coxwell, whose experiences are recounted elsewhere in this issue.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SPECIAL TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY, SEPT. 9. A First and Second Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria at 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., and West Croydon 9.50 a.m. for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.15 p.m. Fares, Train and Steamer, First Class, 12s. 6d., Second Class, 7s. 6d.

Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 23, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

It has been said that a Scotsman must have a pedigree. The Lord Mayor is verifying the dictum. He had a busy time last week, first at Elgin, then at Banff (of which he was made a brave burgess), and, last of all, at Aberdeen, where he was entertained by the Corporation. Most Scotsmen are content to be connected with one county, but Sir Stuart Knill has discovered that his grand'ather had a connection with no less than three—Banff, Caithness, and Fife.

It was the Plumbers' Congress for which his Lordship primarily went to Aberdeen. The Granite City seems a somewhat distant haven for conferences, and yet another congress was begun there yesterday, in the annual meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, of which Dr. Richard Garnett is president.

The partridge shooting season has opened with exceptionally good prospects for sportsmen.

The purchaser of the organ of the Albert Palace has agreed to withdraw from his contract, and, providing that the Office of Works returns his deposit of £50, to contribute £100 towards the fund for the acquisition of the Palace, which, by-the-way, was described in these pages last week, through a slip of the pen, as the Alexandra Palace.

What would the Crystal Palace be without Brock? It is only natural that the annual benefit of the great pyrotechnist should have become so popular as it is. This year's display, which takes place to-morrow, will be unusually brilliant.

The theatres are slowly beginning to look up. The new Lyric production is fixed for Thursday, the 28th inst. Its title is "Little Christopher Columbus." The book, which has been specially written for the Lyric, is by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh, and is a happy mixture between burlesque and comic opera. The whole of the music has been specially composed by Mr. Ivan Caryll. The two important rôles are played by Mr. E. J. Lonnen and Miss May Yohé, and the company is one of the biggest that Mr. Sedger has ever had at the Lyric.

A sail round the Isle of Wight is always delightful, and at this time of the year many people would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of making the journey. Special facilities will be given by the Brighton Railway Company on Saturday.

"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE" ON TOUR.

"A Woman of No Importance" is thoroughly up to date in having, like the leaders of fashion, who may be considered women of some importance, gone into the country at this season. Autumn, indeed, is the provincial playgoer's paradise. It is then that the London manager finds time to set forth to win the suffrages of his country clients. It is only natural so witty a play as "A Woman of No Importance" should find its way out of London, although Mr. Tree's active preparations for the production of Mr. Jones's new play, "The Tempter," precluded the Haymarket manager's appearance in the country as the cynical Lord Illingworth. Although Mr. Wilde's comedy has ceased to run in London, it is not by any means forgotten. With all its faults, it is too clever not to be remembered. Only on Wednesday it figured in the House of Commons, when Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, in his maiden speech, showed how much he has inherited his uncle's genius for allusion. Mr. Disraeli compared the Home Rule Bill, it may be remembered, to the hapless Galatea, whom the light of criticism had shown to be "a woman of no importance." The names of the members of the company which Mr. Tree has brought together, and which has been entertaining the people of Sheffield as "the mon from Sheffield" entertained audiences at the Garrick Theatre some time ago, are sufficient guarantee that "A Woman of No Importance" will not suffer in its provincial presentation. It may be of interest to give the names of the cast which originally gave the play at the Haymarket in April, and those of the provincial company, shown in the accompanying group—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.	ORIGINAL CAST.	PROVINCIAL CAST.
Lord Illingworth	Mr. TREE.	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
Sir John Pontefract	Mr. HOLMAN CLARK.	Mr. F. EMERY.
Lord Alfred Rufford	Mr. LAWFORD.	Mr. A. SOMERVILLE.
Mr. Kelvil, M.P.	Mr. ALLAN.	Mr. H. J. CARVILL.
The Ven. James Daubeny, D.D.	Mr. KEMBLE.	Mr. E. J. MALYON.
Gerald Arbuthnot	Mr. FRED TERRY.	Mr. C. M. HALLARD.
Farquhar (Butler)	Mr. HAY.	Mr. MAYALL.
Lady Hunstanton	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.	Miss ROBERTHA ERSKINE.
Lady Caroline Pontefract	Miss LE THIÈRE.	Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT.
Lady Stutfield	Miss HORLOCK.	Miss ENID SPENCER-BRUNTON.
Mrs. Allonby	Mrs. TREE.	Miss BERYL FABER.
Hester Worsley	Miss JULIA NEILSON.	Miss HILDA HANBURY.
Alice (Maid)	Miss KELLY.	Miss MARJORIE CHRISTMAS.
Mrs. Arbuthnot	Mrs. BERNARD BEERE.	Miss FLORENCE WEST.

The company is under the management of Mr. H. H. Morell, who, as everybody knows, is a son of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. The Mackenzie family have long been theatrical, Mr. Compton the elder and Mr. Compton the younger being respectively the uncle and the cousin of the great throat physician, whose profession naturally brought him into close relations with those who have to rely so much on their voice either on the stage or in the concert room. Mr. Morell, besides being a stage manager, has also acted the part of playwright. Another company produced the play in the West of England for the first time last week, the part of Lord Illingworth being taken by Mr. Gerald Maxwell, who is a son of Miss Braddon.



"A WOMAN OF NO IMPORTANCE" IN THE COUNTRY: MR. TREE'S PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAROLY, BIRMINGHAM.

AFTER HOME RULE—A HOLIDAY.

Argus-eyed Publicity pursues "everybody who is anybody," even unto holiday haunts. It is one of the modern penalties of greatness that the Kodak camera should take snap-shots at the Prince of Wales "smiling," or at the Leader of the Opposition bathing at Cromer. The little cottage decked with honeysuckle becomes an object of intense interest as soon as



Photo by J. Stewart, Kirkmichael.

BLACKCRAIG BRIDGE, ON THE RIVER ARDLIE.

it is the temporary resting-place of a popular actress. The fact that a Cabinet Minister was seen reading a work of fiction at a country railway station is immediately recorded, and forthwith leads to a second edition of the book.

The foregoing must serve as an apology, if any is needed, for depicting Mr. George Armitstead's Perthshire seat, Blackcraig Castle, on the banks of the Ardlie, whither the Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone were expected to depart last Monday. The castle, which is built in true baronial style, is situated near the lower end of Strathardle, nine miles from Blairgowrie. Kirkmichael is within five miles' distance, so that Blackcraig Castle may be considered charmingly isolated from the general route of tourists. Behind the castle a spur of the solemn Grampians rises to considerable height, while pleasant woods picturesquely enshrine the house. The only approach to it from the highway is across Blackcraig Bridge, which was, like the castle, designed and built by the late Mr. Patrick Allan Fraser.

It spans the river Ardlie at a short distance from the castle, and undeniably gives an air of distinction to the entrance of the grounds. At the bridge, which took three years to complete, is the gate-house. The whole place is just one of those Scotch country seats which have inspired Mr. William Black to his best descriptive writing. The air is exhilarating, and the scenery very wild and striking.

Mr. Gladstone's well-known liking for Scotland (albeit it stands not where it did as to Liberal votes) cannot fail to make his visit to Blackcraig Castle enjoyable. It would be interesting to compile a list of those places which have obtained a passing notoriety by reason of the temporary residence of the Prime Minister therein. In pretty Penmaen-mawr, on the North Wales coast, they still retain vivid recollections of Mr. Gladstone's stay there many years ago. He used to go to the public bakehouse of the village and carry home the bread in his hands. Once he gallantly attempted to assist an old Welsh woman by taking *her* loaves as well, but she fancied he meant robbery and screamed in Welsh to this effect. The Premier can take a holiday as thoroughly as he can apply himself to any task. He gets into conversation with the people, and is ever anxious to know about the lives of his neighbours. His love of walking (and running, if we may believe a recent incident at St. George's Hill) will doubtless make him quickly familiar with the beautiful district surrounding Blackcraig Castle. The Premier's day is carefully proportioned, even when he is out of official harness for a while. The post-bag has his first

attention, and he devotes a good part of the morning to replying to correspondence of all kinds. At luncheon he is ready for animated discussion of any question of the day suggested by the newspaper. A glance at a book and a nap precede a walk or drive afterwards. Afternoon tea is a time when Mr. Gladstone's hearty laugh is most often heard and when his conversation is in a lighter vein. If the weather is fine, he will take another stroll before dinner. At this meal there will be twenty topics broached, and on every one of them he will say something worth hearing. But he does not monopolise the conversation, as did Lord Macaulay; it is only the eagerness of the company to listen which induces his constant interpositions. In the evening a game of backgammon, a rapid survey of some review or volume, and then about eleven Mr. Gladstone retires to rest. He is the life and soul of the house, courteous in that delightful way which we have, unfortunately, to term "old-fashioned," and grateful for every little attention paid to him by host, guests, or servants. A holiday of a fortnight is a very different affair to the Premier to his week-end visits to Hampstead or Hatchlands, the Surrey seat of Mr. Stuart Rendel, who once said that to spend a day with Mr. Gladstone was a liberal education. On these occasions it is a weary politician, not an alert octogenarian, who arrives either on Friday evening or Saturday morning; but after a night's rest and the peaceful quiet of Nature the host has to use all his energy to restrain the exertions of Mr. Gladstone. There is usually a young man in the house party, for the Prime Minister retains a quick sympathy with those whose day of fame is only dawning, and he will "reminisce"—if such a word is allowable—of past scenes and senators in the House of Commons. He is not to be drawn on certain subjects; he rarely mentions his chief opponents in Parliament, except to praise them. He has a friendly feeling in his criticism which is rare. If Mr. John Morley is one of the company, as he is expected to be at Blackcraig Castle, books of all periods will be recalled, and the Member for Newcastle will astonish those who only know him in the atmosphere of St. Stephen's by the geniality and by the "thawing"—we can think of no better word—of his nature. Sir Charles Bowen, who has just been appointed to succeed Lord Hannen, is a favourite and friendly disputant on Homeric questions with Mr. Gladstone, and, in addition, he has the Premier's appreciation for fiction. It was Sir Charles who defined a good novel as like a railway train, because it took one within a short time to new scenes, and introduced one to new friends, in the most comfortable and rapid fashion. It will, however, be more of the nature of a family party at Blackcraig Castle. The Rector of Hawarden has been staying there some days already, and has been benefiting in health by the pure Scotch air. Mr. George Armitstead, who so often acts as Mr. Gladstone's host, was formerly Member for Dundee, and is a very kindly man, who delights to honour his former Leader in the House of Commons. Mrs. Gladstone is no less amiable a guest, though not so ready to undertake long walks; she is a careful reader of the daily newspaper, and *au fait* with most questions of public interest. After the prolonged session, during which he has been so active, all politicians will wish the Prime Minister a pleasant holiday.



Photo by J. Stewart, Kirkmichael.

BLACKCRAIG CASTLE, STRATHARDLE, PERTHSHIRE.

A LAST VISIT TO LORD'S.

A CHAT WITH THE PAVILION CLERK.

It was on the second day of the M.C.C. v. Staffordshire match (Aug. 29) that I peeped in at Lord's for the last time this season. As I had not been to the great cricketing arena since the M.C.C. v. Australians match, when almost every inch of sitting space was utilised, it was rather a shock to me on this occasion to discover some twenty or thirty forlorn-looking individuals seated on the benches, trying to look as if they were taking an intense interest in the game.

"Oh, we don't expect large attendances at these matches," said the gate attendant, as he conducted me towards the Pavilion. "You see, the M.C.C. is playing at Scarborough to-day, and a lot of the best men are up there."

Arrived at the Pavilion, I proceeded to the secretary's office, and Mr. Hearne, the Pavilion clerk, soon joined me. Mr. Hearne, I should explain, is a son of that fine old gentleman, Tom Hearne, who captained the bowling staff at Lord's, and who represented Middlesex for thirty years. He is just over forty years of age.

"What kind of a season have we had?" said Mr. Hearne, in reply to my opening query. "An exceedingly good one, I think. The weather has been good, the cricket has been smart and interesting, and the attendance has filled the hearts of the toll-keepers with joy. Yes, on the whole, it has been one of the best years we have had. Of course, it was a considerable task to keep the pitch green, on account of the drought, but the water supply here is excellent, and we managed all right."

I may add here that it is the work of ten men to keep Lord's in order. The large roller—drawn by a mighty quadruped entitled *Emperor*—weighs almost three tons. The turf used comes from the Kilburn neighbourhood. Formerly the M.C.C. patronised Epping Forest, but that easterly wood is now second favourite. The Marylebone Club only buys turf of the finest quality, and pays a large price for it. Talking about the ground led Mr. Hearne to speak of the annexed "Nursery End."

"That additional piece is a great boon to us," he said. "Before we bought it we had to practise on the ground itself, and this left large, bare patches, which looked very unsightly. Besides, the practice ground serves as a promenade at luncheon time, while several tennis-courts have been found room for at the top end."

"Which match was favoured with the largest attendance?"

"Oh! England v. Australia, undoubtedly. During this match 28,967 paid at the gate. Besides these, you must take into consideration our members and their hosts of friends. Counting members as well as the public, the total for that match comes to considerably over 30,000. But the matches which 'draw' society are the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton v. Harrow. Members and their friends come then not so much to see the cricket as to see each other. Men who may have not met for a year will light upon each other at a 'Varsity match. To cope with the great number of visitors during the matches in question we have to put up temporary stands and extra refreshment tents, and even then there's not overmuch room."

"But the outside public turns up in strong force at these matches?"

"Very strong. During the Oxford and Cambridge match 11,466 paid for admission, while 8906 put down their shillings to see Eton play Harrow. The Gentlemen v. Players is another very popular match. This year we had 13,185 who paid toll. And then all the county matches draw well, and have drawn exceedingly well this season."

"The arrangement of the M.C.C.'s affairs must entail an enormous amount of correspondence and other clerical labour?"

"Yes, we have to work pretty hard." Here Mr. Hearne showed me the M.C.C. list of fixtures. "The compilation of that card in a satisfactory manner is a task of considerable magnitude. Besides this, there is a great deal of business to be attended to in connection with the 'working' of the ground itself, numberless things, into which it would be wearisome to enter. So busy are we about June, July, and August that, although there is nothing but cricket going on all round me, I very seldom get a chance of practising myself."

"Then you still keep up your cricket?"

"Oh, yes! Cricket's in our family blood, you know. I originally came to Lord's as a professional cricketer. After a time I was offered a post as clerk and accepted it, but I have always played a certain amount of cricket. I have only just returned from the provinces after a fortnight's cricket."

"How many of you manage the affairs of the club?"

"Well, the real work is done by three of us: Mr. Perkins, the secretary—if you remember, he succeeded Mr. R. A. Fitzgerald—Mr. J. A. Murdoch, the assistant-secretary, and myself, the pavilion clerk. At the busiest times we get extra help, but usually there are only those I have mentioned above. Mr. Perkins has been here seventeen years, Mr. Murdoch twenty-three, and myself twenty-one."

"How do you manage about getting up teams to play local clubs?"

"That is fairly easy. We have a book in this office, and those members who are willing to play in these matches come in and put down their names in the book. Then we generally fix upon a gentleman who is well known in a particular district, and ask him to get as many M.C.C. members in that neighbourhood as possible. In this manner we send teams to play most of the big schools."

On a table near Mr. Hearne's desk I noted a great heap of opened telegrams and letters, all relating to matches. In some cases an M.C.C.

eleven had gone forth to war against a local club, and discovered in the nick of time that they were "one man short." Then there had arrived a telegram requesting the presence of Bill So-and-So—evidently a professional—or any player upon whom Mr. Hearne could lay his hands promptly. Truly, there was a mighty jumble of communications.

While chatting about the members of the ground bowling staff I remarked that Mr. Wicket-Keeper Sherwin was among their number, and asked whether that portly and pleasant gentleman still trundled.

"No; Sherwin doesn't bowl now," replied Mr. Hearne. "But when he first came to Lord's he did. After a time he developed into a first-class wicket-keeper, and has played in that capacity ever since. For a man of his size I think he is wonderfully active. And, speaking of wicket-keeping, I think more attention ought to be drawn to the fact that, while bowlers and batsmen come in for ovations and substantial collections, wicket-keepers receive very little notice. This is decidedly unjust. A wicket-keeper, while his side is in the field, is working hard all the time. He has to be a brave man, for a timid one would be no good at the wicket. Wicket-keepers get through a tremendous amount of work, and, however brilliantly they stump and catch, they receive no extra five-pound notes like bowlers and batsmen. They have to run the risk of being knocked about, and sometimes do get knocked about pretty severely, too. There are not many first-class wicket-keepers going about. Mr. MacGregor and Sherwin are excellent, while many people pin their faith on Lilley, the Warwickshire player. Storer, of Derbyshire, is coming to the front very rapidly, and some years ago the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton had few equals. But Pilling was the best man at the wicket that I ever saw. His wicket-keeping was marvellously good."

"What do you think of this year's Australian team?" I asked.

"Well," said Mr. Hearne, "if you ask me, I think it is not up to the '80, '82, or '84 team. While they have improved in batting, they have gone off slightly in bowling. Years ago, when Spofforth was the man whose bowling everyone talked about, the Australians took a lot of beating, and we had some grand games between the mother country and the colony. In the old days, too, Bonnor used to open his shoulders and hit out all round. However, taking them altogether, the Australians are an exceedingly smart lot, and they have some fine players among them. At fielding, too, they are excellent. Mr. Blackham is one of the best wicket-keepers going."

Turning the conversation on to Lord's again, I asked Mr. Hearne whether there was any danger of the ground being bought up by the speculative builder.

"Not the slightest," he replied; "the M.C.C. wouldn't sell it at any price. Besides, the site is not so valuable for building purposes as all that. Houses round about here are not a particularly good investment. The only thing which could do Lord's any harm is this confounded railway which we are threatened with."

After this Mr. Hearne took me into another room to see some photographs, uttering the while a little plaint as to the fiend of photography.

"It seems to me to have been nothing but photography all the season," he said. "We have had photographers in swarms, taking parts of the ground, parts of the pavilion, and causing great delay during matches by taking teams, &c. A little of it one doesn't mind, but when it comes to photographers in shoals it sours us a little. However, the season has come to an end, and so we shall be rid of cameras and their owners until 1894."

R. S. W.-B.

AN INVARIABLE OCCURRENCE.



A duke, when a dude, very early in life,
Falls in love with each maiden he sees;
In fact, he no sooner gets down on his lip
Than he's apt to get down on his knees.

SWIMMING MADE EASY.

A CHAT WITH MR. CHARLES NEWMAN.

A man who was at the same time a bookseller and a baker put over his shop-door the couplet—

Two useful trades you here will see combined,
Bread to refresh the body, books the mind.

I was reminded of this the other day as I stood in Great Smith Street, Westminster, and viewed the newly opened magnificent bath and adjoining library. The parochial fathers of Westminster have provided splendid



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE NEWMAN FAMILY.

facilities for refreshing both the body and the mind, and it is to the credit of Westminster that it was the first metropolitan parish to establish public libraries and baths. It was very refreshing to turn in from the hot, dusty streets of "torrid London" and look at the splendid lake, 132 ft. long by 31 ft. wide, in which the youths of Westminster were disporting themselves. I should have had "a dip" myself, but I was not, like Mistress Gilpin, on "pleasure bent." I wanted to know what the

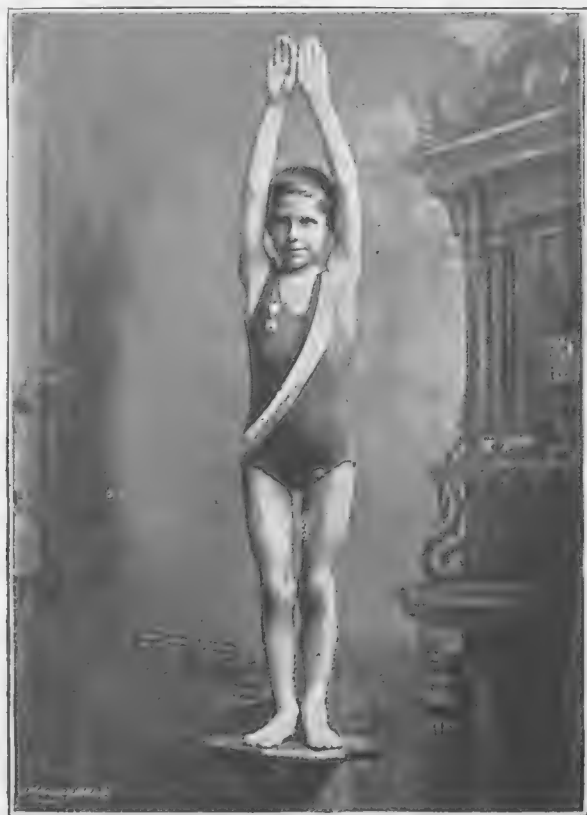


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MASTER NEWMAN.

superintendent of the newest and largest swimming bath in London had to say about the art of natation. With the thermometer ninety-two in the shade and "Drowning Fatalities" a standing headline in the papers, a few words on swimming from a distinguished professor of the art were sure to be interesting. I had not long to wait. A well-knit, keen-eyed gentleman, with a long, full throat was soon recognised as Mr. Newman, who has had such success in teaching even youngsters to swim that "Swimming without tears" might be his motto.

"Professor Newman," I said, "I want you to tell me what you can about swimming and diving. Especially let me know how, in your opinion, swimming could be made more general."

"Drop the 'Professor,' please," said Mr. Newman; "I am now attached to a public bath, and don't want to make the 'professorial' element too prominent. How to make swimming general and popular? The answer is simple: give the youngsters of both sexes access to water in which they can swim. Some people are foolish enough to say boys should not go into the water until they have learned to swim. The 'authorities' seem to think so; they deplore 'drowning fatalities,' but how few parishes have the sense to provide public baths!"

"You think, then, that young Londoners have a natural inclination for the water?"

"They take to it like young ducks. No sooner were the Battersea Baths opened than the cheap baths were overerowed, and I'm sure my experience will be the same at Westminster. During the short time I have been at public baths I have taught some sixteen or seventeen hundred schoolboys to swim, mostly boys from the London Board Schools. My wife, who is matron and swimming instructress here, has also taught a very large number of schoolgirls. Our experience goes to



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

PREPARING FOR A DIVE.

prove that timidity of the water is very readily overcome. The rarity of pence among London school children, and without which they cannot become familiar with the water, is the difficulty which stands in the way."

"I believe you teach swimming gratuitously, Mr. Newman?" I said.

"Yes; my only reward has been walking-sticks, illuminated addresses, presents, and testimonials. Mrs. Newman and myself have received many such gratifying acknowledgments of our services. I value, too, the constantly expressed opinion of Mr. Coroner Braxton Hicks, who nearly daily has a drowning case before him, that the riverside populations of Battersea, Westminster, and Lambeth can thank my teaching for the saving of scores of lives."

Mr. Newman holds the Royal Humane Society's medal and other awards for saving life. He took six prizes for swimming before he was fourteen. He has taught, coached, and trained many well-known swimmers, such as Easton and Dalton, of Channel fame, and he has organised some of the biggest natant entertainments ever seen in London. But it is of his work as swimming instructor to the School Board for London and the police that Mr. Newman is most properly proud.

Subsequently I had the pleasure of seeing some pupils of Mr. Newman in the water. They were all members of his own family: Miss Cissie Newman, a most charming and graceful lady swimmer; Master Charles Newman, a very fast swimmer, and very clever at "trick" business; and Master "Jimmy" Newman, a pretty little chap—the "midget diver"—who can swim like a fish and take "a header" from a height of fifty or sixty feet without a quiver.

J. B.

SMALL TALK.

Miss Annie Hill, who comes of old Devonshire stock, may be said to have begun her career as a member of the Lyceum company, and her early experiences of the stage were acquired chiefly during Mr. Irving's third tour in the United States in 1887-8. Since then Miss Hill has had that varied training in the provinces which makes the foundation of so much renown in the theatrical profession. She has played Shaksperian parts like Ophelia, Cordelia, Miranda, Desdemona, the Fool in "King Lear," and even mildly masculine parts like Osric in "Hamlet" and François in "Richelieu," with Mr. Osmond Tearle's company. Her



MISS ANNIE HILL IN "FLIGHT."

first important engagement in London gave her the chance of playing Vashti in "Judah," and at the Vaudeville, under Mr. Thorne's management, she made a very favourable impression as Deborah Deacon in "Woodbarrow Farm." In the last two or three years Miss Hill has played *ingénue* parts at Terry's Theatre, and she was in the original cast of Mr. Pinero's comedy, "The Times," and of Mr. Walter Frith's "Flight." From Terry's Miss Hill went to the Comedy, where she was engaged in Mr. Fred Horne's adaptation, "The Great Unpaid." The acting of this young artist is singularly sympathetic, and in Mr. Pinero's play it had a girlish charm which was the only agreeable note in that rather sordid satire. Miss Hill has that excellent thing in woman, a low, musical voice, which is not a common gift among our younger actresses. An article might be written on the stage voices which have captivated the ear of a generation. It would be found that few have retained the quality of tone which pleased without effort, and that some have become distressingly vibrant by perpetual strain. No actress had a sweeter voice than Miss Kate Rorke a few years ago, but now she forces it till illusion is destroyed, and her emotion, as in "Diplomacy" last season, strikes you as a feat of physical endurance. Miss Hill has a capacity for natural pathos which ought to yield a good deal to cultivation, and any manager who may give her somewhat larger opportunities than she has yet had should have reason to congratulate himself and the London playgoer. In another part of our issue this week will be found a portrait of Miss Hill as she appeared in "The Times."

There was a great contrast between the maiden speech of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli and the famous first speech of his uncle. An audience, greatly thinned in numbers, and suffering from a lack of interest as a sequel to the fine speech of the Prime Minister, listened with courtesy to young Mr. Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons last Wednesday. The handsome member for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire was a little over-weighted with a sense of the importance of the occasion, perhaps excusable under the circumstances. There was a note of pathetic sympathy in the situation, for Mr. Gladstone paid his great opponent's heir the compliment of the intense interest which he always gives to the first efforts of new members. It was delightful to watch the play of feeling visible on the Prime Minister's white face, showing the weariness which was the consequence of a great effort in oratory, as with hand upraised to his ear he paid attention to certain rather feeble witticisms of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. There were, I must confess, a few purple patches in the speech, but they were not numerous. Truth to tell, there was nothing remarkable save the personality of the speaker; and readers of "Coningsby" may recall the dictum, "It is the personal that interests mankind." Mr. Disraeli has a sallow countenance, features but little suggestive of Jewish birth, a voice which has an awkward trick of losing itself at the end of sentences, and a certain style befitting rather a dandy than a Parliamentarian.

'Tis a platitude to observe that the day of the music hall has come; yet the fact never dawned on me as it did the other evening, when I had occasion to stroll westwards through Leicester Square. Beneath the glare of the electric light at the Empire and under the orange-tinted windows of the Alhambra there patiently stood in the sultry air a long line of people bordering the sides of the adjacent streets for many yards. It is a curious sight this, when London folk set out in their thousands to be amused by that motley crowd which has come to be known as "the

profession," monopolising altogether the definite article. The "'alls" have had an uphill fight to gain recognition, and if they have got it in too great abundance the rebound is only natural. I note that a New York newspaper has been lamenting the invasion of "the London music-hall craze," which has taken possession of the city pretty much as the Heathen Chinee would do if legislation did not keep him down. If the craze is a Cockney one, however, does it not strike my contemporary that the American takes good care that he or she makes hay on this side while the sunlight shines? for among "the profession" now occupying the halls a goodly number claim the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

Old Sadler's Wells Theatre is going to be turned into a music hall. Heyday! it seems to me but yesterday that I was a little boy, walking with Fred Villiers, the war artist, beside the perch-filled waters of the then open New River. I can recollect the days when Samuel Phelps was at his best—the palmy days of legitimate, though suburban, drama—"The Fool's Revenge," with Phelps, Marston, and Hermann Vezin; "The Bridal," with Miss Atkinson! It was at Carter's tackle-shop at the corner that the great tragedian purchased the hazel fishing-rods for Villiers and myself, and tipped us the wherewithal to go a-Waltoning to distant Wood Green. The river is closed now, and so is that page of my life, and all that I have by me to remind of the "Wells" and the New River and Phelps is an old engraving by Cruikshank which hangs on the wall above me.

The writer of reminiscences ancient *Fun* forgot to mention the late W. G. Baxter, who really, so to speak, invented the *Sloper* cartoons. I happen to have met a few odd folk in my time, but certainly none that ever equalled the little man who came from Manchester. His remarkably clear and fine line drawing undoubtedly arose from the fact of his having been an architectural draughtsman. Artists, as a rule, are not exactly professors of punctuality, but Baxter was the worst that ever covered white cardboard. The worry that he used to give to *Sloper* was really something awful.

It is somewhat odd to know that the famous comic cartoonist never, under any circumstances, when in London, made use of a model. Occasionally he sketched his own reflection in the glass, but only when he had to tackle a more difficult pose than usual. The portrait of Baxter published in the *Graphic* after his death gave but a poor idea of the curious expression of his eyes. When clean-shaven he always reminded me strongly of Arthur Roberts.

Have you got wearied yet of that capital column with which the *Pall Mall Gazette* furnishes its readers from day to day under the title of "The Wares of Autolycus"? I can hardly imagine anyone sincerely admitting to the feeling of boredom which would furnish an answer in the affirmative. The column is always bright, for it is written, I hear, by a number of clever pens that masquerade as "Autolycus" in rotation.

An example of smart enterprise which deserves recognition is shown by the vivid article contributed specially by Professor Garner, the "Gorilla" authority, to the current number of the *Westminster Budget*. Professor Garner remarks that, as far as it can be said that the gorilla has any form of government, it is strictly patriarchal, and there are reasons to justify the belief that they have some fixed ideas of order and justice. Many of the natives have seen the gorillas holding a palaver (fine expressive word!), at which the king always presided, while the others stood or sat in a semicircle, talking in an excited manner. So, perhaps, the gorillas have their "Mr. Mellor" and their "Order, order," just like their relatives at St. Stephen's. Mr. R. L. Garner has written in his most fascinating manner about his experiences in the heart of the N'kami forest, and concludes thus: "My faith is equal to the task I have assumed, and Hope, that angel that keeps the lighthouse on the shores of Time, strolls through the lonely forest with her golden lamp to light my lonely home."

Reading something about Chancery characters this week, I cannot help calling to mind little Miss Flite, of "Bleak House" fame. As far as I can remember—and I sometimes saw her oftener than I wished to—she always seemed fairly well off. Her little poke bonnet, black mantle, skirt, and cloth-topped boots were never shabby. Her handbag was well filled, often with cold meat, &c., she had bought at Long's, in Chancery Lane, close by her lodgings in Chichester Rents. It was her usual practice when she entered one of the offices of the Courts to point out the mildest-looking individual present, and to scream at the top of her cracked voice: "Thieving villain! he's been robbing me all up and down Chancery Lane." Both solicitors and officials were very kind to the poor creature. Shillings and half-crowns were constantly bestowed on her. How she managed to get rid of her money, I know not. She may have hoarded it—who knows?

As to there being much exaggeration in the "Bleak House" picture of Chancery, there is really much less than there is commonly supposed to be. I first shook hands with the Law Courts nearly thirty years ago, and can truly say that I have hardly ever come across a case where a Chancery suitor, in person, who persistently haunted the Law Offices, did not in the end become mentally affected. One tragically sad instance occurs to me at this very moment. Twenty-five years back I remember a brother and sister coming to haunt the Law Offices. He was as fine-looking a man as you could well see—stalwart, upright, with a distinguished air. Not many years passed before he became almost a babbling idiot. The last time I saw the sister she was in rags.

The most notable congress at the World's Fair during the past week has been the gathering of electricians, preparations for which were made two years ago. The Electricity Building at the Fair is full of the most up-to-date contrivances, and the congress completed its effectiveness.



SOUTH ENTRANCE OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Edison, of course, was the centre of attraction, and among other distinguished delegates were Helmholtz, Nikola Tesla, Professor Sylvanus Thompson, Mr. Alexander Siemens, and Mr. Preece, Engineer-in-Chief to the British Post Office. Edison's latest sphere of activity is the perfection of a process to concentrate the particles of magnetic iron ore disseminated through the rocks of certain mountain ranges in New York and New Jersey.

Of all the disgusting and inhuman exhibitions ever seen that of the Quagahai Indians at the Fair was surely the worst, as far as modern times go, at all events. An English girl who, not knowing the treat in store for her, was, unfortunately, present at these rites last week, writes me a truly blood-curdling account of the monstrous cruelties practised by George Hunt, the Quagahai interpreter, on two young Indian braves in the presence of ten thousand spectators. The Fair authorities surely knew the horrible character of these "baptisms of blood," and yet allowed hundreds of refined women to attend this carnival of butchery, unprepared for what they had to sit out and look on at. Numbers fainted at the horrible sight, and yet, because of the dense crowd, could not be removed from their seats.

It is impossible to lay on flattery thick enough to satisfy our American cousins. They praise themselves so much that unless a stranger can double or treble the dose they do not think he has done the faintest justice to their country. Their latest victim, curiously enough, is Mr. Walter Besant. Well, he told them America was "just splendid," their favourite phrase, and he stated his firm belief that Chicago would ultimately become the commercial metropolis of the United States. You would have thought that would have satisfied someone. Not a bit of it. New York, of course, was furious, for as long as Chicago stands there is an unquenchable trade rivalry between the two cities. But Chicago was no less angry. "Become?" What was Mr. Besant thinking of? Chicago was the metropolis of the United States.

"For snobbery," writes a Chicago correspondent, "commend me to the Yankees. The fuss they made over Princess Eulalia of Spain and over the remote descendant of Columbus, whom they had literally invented and unearthed, must have been seen to be believed. Not even in Russia would there have been such cringing, such servile licking of aristocratic feet. As for the Princess—a mere nobody, after all—they treated her and spoke of her as though she were a reigning sovereign. She bore it with good humour as long as she could, but when she found that, in return for being the guest of the American nation and having her hotel bills paid, she must accept the invitations and not over-delicate attentions of every Chicago hog-breeder, she turned rusty at last and would have no more of it; whereupon she went down in public favour, and one fine day was officially informed that from a given date onwards she must pay her own piper, as her term of office as the nation's guest had expired. This is how things are managed in a pure democracy.

"As for the Duke of Veragua, he played his cards with skill, and showed himself, if not a true descendant of Columbus, at least a true son of this *fin de siècle*. Hardly had he left the States—indeed, while he was still on the high seas, so that no letters could have reached him from

either side—a communication reached President Palmer, of the World's Fair—had it been conveyed by Mahatmas?—that the Duke would, on landing, find himself utterly ruined, his palace and ancestral treasures in the hands of creditors, his bull farm seized as payment of debts. 'Never,' cried President Palmer, 'never can this be, that America should allow a descendant of her great discoverer to starve. Round with the hat, and let the Duke, when he lands on his native shores, learn what a grateful country does for the children of great men.' The appeal, however, has, so far, encountered little enthusiasm in America. Stories circulated that the ducal misfortunes had arisen from Stock Exchange speculations, from unfortunate bull-fight ventures, and other proceedings unseemly for an heroic scion. And not even his Grace's noble letter, thanking the Americans for their proposed generosity, but declining such a gift for himself as unseemly for a proud, high-born Spaniard (with a parenthesis accepting it for his wife and children), helped to swell the subscription lists. And now there has leaked out a terrible tale. Rumour has it that the Duke of Veragua is not a descendant of the great Christopher, after all. It was his father's first wife who was thus descended, but he is the son of his father's second consort."

A first-rate message to readers of *Chums* appears in the number which is the commencement of a new volume of this admirable paper for boys. It comes from Lord Charles Beresford—a schoolboy hero, if ever there was one. The gallant Captain said characteristically: "Oh, by-the-way, with regard to all this talk about obeying orders in the Navy. In every branch of life absolute obedience to superiors is imperative. If I were commanded to stand on my head by my Commander-in-Chief, I should do it at once, though I don't say I shouldn't be cursing under my breath the whole time my heels were in the air."

The Valkyrie has started for the other side of the pond, and all yachtsmen will hope that she may return with flying colours and the America Cup. Lord Dunraven deserves success, for it is no light thing in risk or in expense to send a yacht to contest a race in American waters. To jury rig the Valkyrie before her voyage, to send her racing gear by one of the big liners, and to refit her on the other side means a very considerable outlay, probably some £2000 or more. Then, should she meet with very severe weather, it is possible she may be so strained and injured as to have but a poor chance of winning even if able to compete. I forget what the late Sir Richard Sutton told me that it cost him to send out and bring home the Genesta; but I remember I was astonished at the magnitude of the sum. However, the Valkyrie is more likely to earn success for her owner in Yankee waters than was the Genesta, for though, perhaps, not so handsome a boat, she is more up-to-date from a racing point of view.

With regard to an illustration of Madeley Manor in our article on Izaak Walton in *The Sketch* for Aug. 9, a well-qualified correspondent, the Vicar of Madeley, makes the following interesting correction: "The house represented is the 'Old Hall' in the village of Madeley, which was built in 1645, and has on it the quaint inscription, 'Walke, knave, what look'st at?' With this house Izaak Walton had no dealings; it still stands as it was. Madeley Manor, the residence of John Offley, the most honoured friend of Izaak Walton, to whom he dedicated 'The Compleat Angler,' is nearly one and a half miles from the village of Madeley. You will find a picture of it in Plot's 'Natural History of Staffordshire' at p. 222, Tab. xvi., and also at the end of the preface of 'The Compleat Angler,' p. liv. in Major's edition, 1824, and probably in other editions. You will see from it that part of the house is of stone—probably, the original house; the half-timbered part was built by Sir Thomas Offley, who lived 1500-1582, and was Lord Mayor of London. All this is gone except the entrance gateway, or entrance on the west front, which is on the right of the picture; this doorway has a groove for the portcullis. The house became dismantled after John Offley had married Anne Crewe, of Crewe; he was the son of Izaak's John Offley, who married for his second wife Mary Broughton, of Broughton, in this county, and died æt. 41.

"In addition to the bust of Izaak Walton in St. Mary's Church, Stafford, and the tombstone in Winchester Cathedral, there is a stained-glass window of two lights in Madeley (Staffordshire) Parish Church, which was placed in 1889 by Messrs. Hardman and Co., of Birmingham. The inscription under the left-hand light runs as follows: 'To the glory of God and in memory of Izaak Walton (Piscator), A.D. 1593-1683,' and in the right-hand light, 'And of his honoured friend, John Offley, of Madeley Manor, A.D. 1617-1658.' In the two lights are five subjects from the Bible. The centre one, oval in form, is the feeding of the five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes, the others being Jonah and the whale, Tobias and the fish, St. Peter taking the stater from the fish's mouth, and the fire of coals and fish laid thereon, and bread, as recorded in St. John xxi. At the bottom of the window in the left-hand light, immediately over the inscription, is represented St. Mary's Church, Stafford, in which Izaak Walton was baptised, and on it his device—the Crucifixion on the Anchor of Hope. The other light shows old Madeley Manor from the view in Plot, of which only the gateway now remains, having in front the Offley shield, charged with a cross fleury azure, having a 'lion passant or' at the intersection. The present Lord Crewe is a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Offley, and therefore of Izaak Walton's John Offley. He is the eighth in direct line from Sir Thomas and fifth from the above John Offley."

Oliver Wendell Holmes entered on his eighty-fifth year last week, and Harvard University now reckons him one of the oldest of her sons. It is not generally known how strong an attachment Harvard *alumni* have towards their *Alma Mater*. Dr. Holmes is a typical example of a Harvard man. He graduated more than half a century ago, yet nearly all that time the class of which he was a member has held annual dinners, and the "Autocrat" has invariably read a poem on the occasion reminiscent of student days and student ways. Many of these were reprinted in a charming volume some years ago. It is marvellous how a class from Harvard keeps together in the years when they come to be scattered over the length and breadth of the land. Besides réunions, they keep up acquaintanceship by issuing quinquennial histories of members of the class, giving the most curious details.

A "Class Baby" is the quaintest institution of all. It is customary for every class to present to that one of its members who becomes the parent of the first child born of marriage contracted after graduation a cradle with an appropriate inscription. The happy child is the recipient of congratulations and gifts of all kinds from its numerous class uncles. By the time a class is as old as that of which Dr. Holmes was a member it is easy to understand that the names of the babies—and, in turn, their babies—fill many pages. It would need a long string of paragraphs to detail this charming class history at Harvard, but it may be said that the genial influence of the "Autocrat" has done much to bring it to the perfection it has attained. 'Tis a practice that might be advantageously copied in this country, where such ties are supposed—often fallaciously—to be stronger.

Ibsen is vividly sketched by a writer in the current *Californian*. The dramatist, we are told, wears side whiskers, and his hair is jet black and carefully oiled. He has a silk hat of the latest fashion, a black velvet coat, a pair of tight-fitting, fawn-coloured trousers strapped under patent leather shoes, while his hands are encased in elegant gloves. The atmosphere about him is filled with an aroma of scented hair oil, and in his dress he looks the exquisite, his face bearing no traces of an emotional nature. One would take him for a prosperous merchant rather than one of the world's greatest poets and philosophers.

Mr. Gladstone has just received from a carriage factory at Vosseyangen a Norwegian "Stolkjærre," one of the peculiar gigs with which tourists are familiar. It is intended for Mr. Gladstone's use at Hawarden.

The art-loving Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, one of the many morganatically married German princes, and a painstaking ruler, has distributed a sum of 30,000 marks among his peasantry suffering through the drought.

Naturally, the tourist season in Norway is a very fine one, the routes being crowded. Up to the beginning of the month, some 5000 tourists had passed through Bergen and Stavanger, of whom 3000 came by yachting steamers from this country. However, the absence of Americans is conspicuous everywhere. The Duke of Hamilton, on board the *Thistle*, has returned from a shooting trip in the Arctic Seas.

All travellers know that many towns of France have their specialty. One constantly hears of the biscuits of Rheims, the macaroons and *paté de canards* of Amiens, the sausages of Lyons and Arles—as well as *les belles Arlésiennes*—the *sucre de pommes* and *cannetons* of Rouen, the mustard of Dijon and vinegar of Orleans, the *nonnettes* (little biscuits) of Nantes, the *nougat* of Montélimar, the peaches of Montreuil, the *pruneaux* of Tours, the *prunes* of Agen, and *poulardes* of Le Mans. One might easily extend the list, but I wind up with the *mantles Tréportaises*. Really, the mantles are charming. A lady describes them as a long, ample cape, reaching to the feet, of thick, unlined cloth, falling in soft folds and over the shoulders, a capacious hood outlined with velvet, that is drawn over the head in rough weather. The outline is purely mediæval in character, and very graceful and becoming. It differs from the cloak of the *sergent de ville* in that it is longer, has the hood rounded, and may be of any dark colour. Worn by a pretty girl with a *béret* for headgear the effect is charming, and I can heartily recommend it to the ladies who come by 'bus and train in evening dress to the theatres during winter.

It has often been a matter of surprise, not to say wonderment, to me when glancing over that strange medley which is wrongly or rightly known as the agony column of our dailies whether half the strange appeals are not alone answered, but even seen, by those to whom they are addressed. I suppose people would not waste three or four of the Queen's shillings if they did not expect replies. Notice the half-hidden glimpses of a life's wrong—"If F. L. will return to his loving

wife, all will be forgotten," or the trustfulness of the unblushing applicant for capital which she herself is much in need of—"Would some charitably-disposed gentleman lend a lady in distress £50, which will be repaid as soon as possible?" or the unconventional courtships. Perhaps, after all, the agony column had better not be too closely inquired into. But one advertisement, which I saw in a French paper a few days ago, is too good to be passed over—

A NOBLEMAN of Large Estates wishes to place himself at the disposal (matrimonially) of a widow lady. Young, and with a suitable maintenance. A divorcee not objected to, provided the virtue of the lady is vindicated by substantial alimony. Very neatly put, that plea for the wherewithal, I thought.



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CARRYING THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE HOME.

An amusing and accurate picture of "The General Election in England" is contributed to the September number of *Harper's Magazine*. The writer is Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who made good use of his eyes and ears while on a visit to this country. The progress of political events is brightly described with hardly any of the misconstructions or mistakes which would be almost allowable to a stranger. He criticises the interposition of women at elections thus: "I can see nothing in the active work of the Englishwoman in politics which justifies the risks she voluntarily runs of insult and indignity and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes or of all of his sister's front teeth, and, though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly." No one who likes smart and truthful descriptive writing concerning English politics will fail to enjoy Mr. Davis's article. He is a member of a family which has already given two distinguished *littérateurs* to America. His father renders good editorial service to the *Philadelphia Ledger*, while his mother is Rebecca Harding Davis, whose fame needs no trumpeter.

Bristol has its Exhibition, like the rest of the cities of England. It is situated on a portion of the floating harbour between St. Augustine's Bridge and the Stone Bridge. This excellent position was granted by the Corporation for the building, which is 520 ft. long by 110 ft. wide. In the industrial section of the Exhibition there are illustrations of the manufacture of paper bags, gloves, boots, pins, confectionery, soap and candles, silk and linen weaving, wood turning, colour printing, marble



and stone working, glass engraving, and tobacco packing. Everyone recalls the wonderful collection of pictures in the Manchester Exhibition six years ago. Bristol hopes to rival that record, for canvases by the great "Sir Joshua," as well as by modern artists like Herkomer, T. S. Cooper, B. W. Leader, and Vicat Cole, adorn the walls. The Mayor of Bristol declared the Exhibition open on Monday week, and until Dec. 30 we shall have an opportunity of visiting it.

Witnessing the regrettable accident which occurred the other day in Oxford Street—when an omnibus conductor, through the unexpected starting of the 'bus, was thrown from the top of the steps, and now lies in a precarious condition, with his skull badly fractured—it seems to me that this accident should be used to point out the extreme danger which the ordinary mortal encounters in mounting the common or garden 'bus. The driver usually waits until the critical top of the steps is reached, and then, with that charming jerkiness of motion for which this vehicle is renowned, he whips up his fiery steeds, with a result to the unfortunate passenger more discomposing than those who keep to hansoms can realise—a terrific lurch, succeeded by entire loss of equilibrium, and perhaps a friendly clutch from the grimy paw of a coal-heaver, before you subside, palpitating, and—if a woman—inclined to tears, on your garden-seat. Why, in the name of all common-sense, is the driver not provided with a signal, which he should be obliged to use before letting loose his prancing horseflesh and wrecking the nerves of unfortunate climbers? A penny whistle, or audible wink by any other name, would sound as sweet. This last victim, I hear, is lying in a very bad way at University College Hospital.

So the Clerkenwell Vestry are about to build themselves a new hall in Rosebery Avenue. The Clerkenwell Vestry have earned for themselves a reputation for "langwidge" and pugnacity before which even the record of the present House of Commons pales. As the contemplated hall is not only to adorn the neighbourhood, but is to contain every possible necessary accommodation, the designer has doubtless arranged for a "ring," where the pretty little squabbles for which the Vestrymen are so celebrated can be settled in the good old English and new Parliamentary fashion. It will doubtless in time become quite one of the things to do, "don'tcherknow," to stroll down to Clerkenwell after dinner and "see those Vestry fellows have their mill."

The unemployed are having an excellent time just now. Open-air meetings of a thousand strong in this truly delightful weather must naturally partake of the picnic character, no matter in what spirit of righteous wrath the revellers at first assemble. It is a pity oranges are out of season. They have a cooling effect, and a social character all their own when devoured in the shilling gallery or gratis in Trafalgar Square. But plums are, fortunately, plentiful, and the great British unworking man is never entirely sorrowful as long as he can use nervous, if ungrammatical, Anglo-Saxon, coupled with the luscious contents of the coster's barrow. Mr. F. Abraham, who when at home superintends the making of india-rubber, was the president on the last auspicious occasion on Tower Hill, made memorable by the trenchant utterances of a chimney-sweep, who gave it as his opinion that London should be promptly blown to atoms. "Two hundred men," this deity of the peaceful hearth opined, "would do the job." Poor London! And Mr. Walter Power, whose name and sentiments have a slightly Hibernian flavour, gave the war-cry "that they should all go blind rather than pay any more rent." After which everybody fell on everybody else's neck, and the proceedings were concluded by the india-rubber president with *éclat*.

Zola is coming to London for the first time on Wednesday week, and I hear a movement is being set on foot by that excellent lady the British matron for the removal of all "the dear girls" to the seaside during the period of this naughty giant's visit. Dear Mabel and Ethel may improve their minds with Ibsen and some Zola-and-water lady novelists, but they must not even hear of the prophet's own existence.

There is something deeply pathetic in the fact of a "gentleman" being necessitated by iron circumstance to "travel in pickles"; and yet, on being investigated, it turns out that the aforesaid is not obliged to associate himself more closely with piccalilli and vinegar than by selling the same—which is comforting to the humane. To a peaceable knight of the road like one Thomas Waller, dwelling in the rural Elysium of Woodbine Terrace, it must have been truly disconcerting to find himself annexed at Bow Street for selling that grateful and comforting beverage which was yet not legally either. With pathos he protested to having previously seen life only in the unexceptionable company of tinned lobster and bottled onions, and that the wiles of spurious nibs had been foisted on his innocence by the proprietor of "all pickles." And so Bow Street and the travelling "gentleman" have parted friends.

The venerable Earl of Devon, who is also rector of the little village of Powderham, has, in memory of his brother, the twelfth Earl, restored his church in a remarkably complete and careful manner. The beautiful little fourteenth century church—which, with its rectory, nestles, encircled with foliage, below those lovely wooded heights of Powderham Park that command such glorious views of the estuary of the Exe—is one of my earliest recollections. Indeed, I have spent many a day among the woods there, and well remember the quiet, earnest, courteous nobleman in whose memory this restoration has been effected, who was so ardently devoted to the Church of England, and who was ever ready to allow his more humble neighbours to share in the beauties of which he and his had been the lords since the days when Hugh Courtenay wedded the heiress of the Bohuns, more than five hundred years ago.

In an interesting interview with the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, which appears in the current number of the *Young Man*, Mr. E. T. Cook remarks on the fact that newspaper offices are chiefly manned by journalists under the age of forty. Mr. Cook's first work on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as a member of the regular staff, was an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who rather surprised him by his readiness to undergo the operation. During the last few months, Mr. Cook mentioned, he had seen a great number of aspirants to journalism, and the chief piece of advice given by him was, "Before you apply for journalistic work have some specialty, and qualify yourself to do some particular kind of work." By-the-way, is it right to attribute to Lord Macaulay the well-known advice to know "something about everything and everything about something"?

Sport in the Engadine, as one would expect in that exalted region, begins to exhibit an appropriate social altitude. Excellent golf-links have been lately inaugurated at Samaden, a pretty village not far from St. Moritz, where consumptives winter and leave their ailments behind. A smartly attended prize competition took place a day or two since, and a friend writing from the Maloja says people assembled from Davos, Pontresina, and all around, as the Duchess of Teck had promised to distribute the prizes. The day was lovely, and her Royal Highness, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Aosta, seemed to enjoy the function very much. Notwithstanding the delights of winter tobogganing, curling, skating, dancing, and summer mountaineering, golf seemed the one thing wanting to the Engadine grumbler, so far. Now he has got it, and will probably begin to yearn for croquet.

A strange, pathetic story comes from the Court of Abdurrahman. Some time ago the Ameer was highly delighted at his favourite *odalisque*, Bint-el-Kemr ("Daughter of the Moon"), who is only just eighteen summers, giving birth to a pretty baby girl. In his joy, the Ameer promised to make her a *chadine*, or legal wife, and, in accordance with custom, to have her crowned with Eastern splendour. Preparations for the ceremony were commenced, too, when the lovely Bint-el-Kemr fell ill, and presently her death was imminent. Abdurrahman then nobly decided, nevertheless, to keep his promise towards his beloved, and, proceeding with his entire royal household to the death-bed, placed himself the crown on the brow of the dying *odalisque*, who expired a few hours afterwards. She was buried with the honours of a *chadine*.

So it appears that the Victoria, notwithstanding her newness, was built on the most approved old-fashioned principles after all—an opinion of no less authority than Sir E. Harland, who is nothing if not a ship-builder. If the "old-fashioned" bulkhead doors of the ill-starred Victoria had been closed, many a good sailor would have been left to England, and that apt simile of the man "going for" a stone wall with a thimble on his nose never been uttered. Then follows the "Why was it done?" and "Whose fault?" and all the rest of the impotent recrimination, which ends as things usually do in the Commons—in nothingness.

A little more than a hundred years ago a musician, whom one may vaguely describe as of eminence, lay dying in the extreme of poverty. His body, hustled against the corpses of thirteen other paupers, was taken away to an unknown grave, and to this day none knows the burial place of Wolfgang Mozart. It is a triumphantly sad commentary, therefore, to learn that next year a memorial to the tune of 90,000 florins is to be set up in Mozart's honour in the Albrechtsplatz of Vienna. The work has been entrusted to the care of Herr Tilgner, who will make the statue of the great musician the central object of the monument. The whole work is to be in the style of the period of Louis Quinze, and the pedestal of the statue will be decorated with bas-reliefs representing various scenes from Mozart's operas.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

FROM A SPORTSMAN'S NOTE-BOOK.*

There is a very good chapter in this book dealing with specimens of sportsmen we have all met: a pithy character sketch in which the booby of the covert and the booster are alike put under the lens of ridicule.



DUCK SHOOTING AT THE OLD DAM.

I do not know that I have yet seen a more incisive picture than that of the swaggering, white-gloved, game-boasting swashbuckler which the author of "Stray Sport" has painted in these volumes. Captain Brabazon Bump is not so much a type, perhaps, as the essence of many types—a fellow who comes to your place and finds nothing good enough. The keepers are slack, the land, says he, must be "awfully poached." He has a gentleman's gentleman with him, and a shooting suit which would serve to cover a lighthouse. He pretends that he does not care a button for anything but a *battue*; he must have his walking-stick seat, his loader, his E.C., and his cigarettes. He never makes a bag except in the smoking-room, and he considers that the old sportsman's pipe is damnably vulgar. In his own little place, to which he invites you with an apologia which is superfluous, he rears a few thousand pheasants, which the Marquis

of Bethnal Green is good enough to knock over for him, as he tells the girls over the teapot. A dainty, mock-humble, bandbox man, who should be put under a glass case, or done to death with something lingering—a man for the true son of sport to think of over his port wine and his anecdotes.

And, apropos anecdotes, here is a true one, as the author vouches, of a Captain Brabazon Bump, who came from India to England to lie about tiger-hunting. A very devil of a man at a big house-party, a man with the large mouth "that spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas, talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs." Let us follow him one night into the smoking-room, where he is in the very marrow of his narration. Tigers—nay, forsooth, out in the Jootpore district the natives built a monument to him; alone and unaided he had tracked the deadly man-eater to his lair; he had slain him, and delivered the village. A thankful Government, regarding the depreciation of the rupee, had poured gold into his lap; the whole country cried for many days, as the Ephesians cried for two whole hours.

At this moment another guest enters the smoking-room and hears the tag of the story.

"What!" says he, "you are the man of the affair at Dhigaon?"

"Eh? Well, yes, not far from there."

"Ah," replied the stranger, "I thought so; and you must be the Captain Bump who poisoned a tiger there about that time, and sent in a claim for shooting a man-eating tiger to the Deputy Commissioner's office. It may save complications if I tell you that I was the Deputy Commissioner, and wished you anywhere for what you did, for I was going after that very tiger myself, having had him marked down for some time."

Exit Bump, and a quick bed-curtain. Early train, as Jingle would say, pressing engagement. But, alas for the maiden at the bottom of the well, how often does the swashbuckler spit lions at his will, and hold the field of his mendacity, since others are too ignorant to dispute it with him! It is just in its educating influence, so far as great game goes, that such an omnivorous work as "Stray Sport" is invaluable. Not that shooting lacks its anecdotes, and its true ones. Here, for instance, is the story of Jack Belmont of Bullumabad, fiction bound with fact, the story of a man who, like a second Paris, found amatory salvation in the folds of a panther's skin. Belmont was staying with old Jackson in the Taindwah district, and Jackson had a daughter named Livy, a good shot, and fair withal, who could bowl over black buck at a hundred and fifty yards, and in the end bowled over the young buck who is the fictional teller of the story. For news came that a panther was in Jackson's sugar-cane fields, and Belmont, encouraged by "two of the fairest stars in all the heavens," begged of the fair proprietor of so much loveliness permission to take Livy to the hunt, and gained it. And so, in



"THE BRUTE WAS LYING ACROSS ME."

*"Stray Sport." By J. Moray Brown (late 79th Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders). William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

a great field where Kureem the Shikari and his beaters were posted, did Belmont take his stand, the girl on her Arab pony near to him. Says he: "The beat began, and before long I just caught a glimpse of the panther as she flashed across the open, but rather too far to risk a shot. . . . The beaters came on, and we could see the tall sugar-canes swaying about as they forced their way through them. But not a sign of the panther. Nearer and nearer the beaters approached, kicking up no

soon done, however, and the writer has won his first spear; but in the very enthusiasm of his words you learn his love for those wild rides over tricky country, those dashing turns and brilliant spurts, those fascinating bouts with danger and trickings of death which bring tears to the eyes of the old hog-hunter as he thinks of them.

A wonderful book, truly, an "Enquire Within" as far as the "shootist" goes; nor none the less pleasant to read when the author

takes you into his confidence and tells how that he, like most men, has a favourite field, or drive, or pool, which he loves to remember when the autumn opens. In Mr. Moray Brown's case, the best beloved land is on the banks of a pond called the Old Dam, where, at many a winter night sunset, he has crouched with his dog Sam, and the ducks rocketing over his head have rolled through the firs to the snow-covered ground below. A simple story, yet of such memories as these is the sporting raconteur made.

M. P.

THE WORK OF A MODERN MOSES.

There is a shameless little insect called the ant, which has been prolific to the extent of swarming and stinging whole families out of house and home this summer with as much persistence and more industry than the other hanger-on of hot weather with which we have been so plagued—the wasp. There is something tangible, though, in the latter, and you can dodge him or squash him as you will. In fact, the wasp is a foeman worthy of your heel, but the ant cometh in his millions and nothing will prevail against him. The latest from Cambridgeshire tells of a school



"COME ON, AND BE HANGED TO YOU!"

end of a hullabaloo, and, I must acknowledge, keeping line wonderfully. I could almost see the foremost, and, thinking the panther must have either lain close or slipped out unseen, I turned to Livy and said, 'What a sell!'" This proved to be a veracious statement. The panther was at the man's very feet. In his eagerness to shoot, he forgot the golden rule to keep still, and "fluffed off," without even putting his rifle to his shoulder. The panther, with a keen judgment of the situation, instantly had him down, fixing her teeth in his shoulders, and pinning his right arm to his side. The rest of the venatorial drama reads like an excerpt from an Adelphi third act. Belmont was in the very throes of his agony, when the bewitching maiden with her rifle made her presence felt. She hit the beast at the first shot, but did not wound it vitally. The brute turned on her with a savage roar, and getting her down, made the teeth meet in her riding habit before a shot from Belmont's rifle caused the break-up of the situation and the exit of the game. The girl was unhurt, but the man was nigh to fainting. Only at her amazingly courageous exclamation, "We must have that panther; can you go on?" did he pick himself up, and track the beast to a rocky nullah, suffering afterwards from a fever and a delirium which nearly cost him his life.

Some few months ago, Mr. Moray Brown gave us a delightful insight into the mysteries of hog-hunting. A perusal of that work caused us, perhaps, somewhat to underrate the diverse talents which he has always displayed as a sportsman. Turning over the leaves of "Stray Sport," one is astounded to see the ground and the game it covers: tigers and panthers, small-game shooting round Delhi, chital shooting in the Sewalik Hills, grouse, duck, pheasant, partridge, teal, woodcock, salmon fishing, trout fishing—indeed, there is scarce a form of sport which is not touched upon. Yet I think that the chapters upon hog-hunting, as reviving memories of his earlier work, carry one along with the greatest verve and the deepest interest. What a tell-tale picture is that of the spearing of *le solitaire*, an old boar in a bad temper who has taken refuge in a date grove! A tough customer this, relinquishing cover stubbornly at the shouts of a troop of Lumbanis, champing his tusks, from which the foam flies as he prepares for a bout with the Arabs. But he is fat and scant of breath, a hog that is heavy of life, that does not even jink as the spears near him. In half a mile he has pulled up under a baubul-thorn tree, and with a sort of "Come on, and be hanged to you," he begins to charge viciously. He is

infested with ants, with appetites so unrestrained as to induce them to swarm over the children's bread-and-butter while at breakfast, and invade the garments of the younger and tenderest boys in quite a shameless manner. Even the sacred person of a county councillor is unrespected by the hungry hornet. And a doleful account from the same county is told concerning one Mr. Manton, who presented such attractive surface to the red rover of that ilk as to make it necessary for him to desert his horse and dog-cart, and only by flying at all speed along the king's highway give the go-by to his aggressors. Black beetles, too, begin to multiply in the rashest manner, without a thought, apparently, for the hereafter of their progeny. At present they are grown bold and visit the daily loaf without restraint, call diligently on the sugar, convey their sentiments, in fact, to all available food, and one has even found them discussing the daily paper. Afflicted householders are, indeed, having a lively time—hornets, ants, wasps, and black beetles, not to mention the other plagues and the taxes. Surely Moses must be somewhere about with a commission to the Prime Minister as the Pharaoh of the moment.



HIS LORDSHIP AT HIS EASE.

AN HOUR WITH MRS. CHANDLER MOULTON.

Those who are fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Chandler Moulton, either in her own beautiful Boston home or among her English friends in the old country, feel that they have at last come across a poetess whose personality is as charming as her verse, and a woman whose wide knowledge of men and things and sympathetic insight make an hour with her an experience ever to be treasured and remembered.

Scarcely a literary or political celebrity in the Old and New World but has been included in Mrs. Chandler Moulton's long list of personal friends. To Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, she was, after the death of his sister, the most devoted and tireless friend; the last book of poems published in his lifetime, "Wind Voices," was dedicated to "Louise Chandler Moulton, True Poet and True Friend," and after his death it was found that he had acknowledged his great gratitude to her by making her his literary executor. Of his works, she has since edited "Garden Secrets," "A Last Harvest," and, last year, a complete edition of his poems, including the volumes published during his lifetime and those collected by her since his death.

In the course of a conversation with a representative of *The Sketch*, Mrs. Chandler Moulton kindly consented to give many most interesting details of her life and life-work in *la voix d'or* for which she is famed, and which reminds her visitors of Sarah Bernhardt's soft veiled accents.

"I was born," she said, smiling, in answer to the inevitable question, "in Pomfret, Connecticut. My ancestors had lived there since long before the American Revolution—one of them, indeed, having been one of the ten English gentlemen who founded the town in old colonial days, and our race seemed to belong to it, were native to it, like the hills and the rocks. I grew up there in the sweet country stillness. An only child, my thoughts and my fancies were my companions—I think I was never lonely."

"And when did you first begin to show any signs of literary ability?"

"Oh, I can't in the least remember when I did not write; I seem to have been writing ever since I can recall anything—fairy stories, bits of rhyme, and a child's views of men and things. At fourteen I sent a little thing it pleased me then to call a poem to the county paper, and to my great surprise and delight it was published, and then I sent another and another. My first book was published when I was eighteen; it was called 'This, That, and the Other,' and was made up of short poems, sketches, and stories, and I believe over 20,000 copies of it were sold. Since then I have always been writing something."

"And did you then live in a specially intellectual atmosphere?"

"I recall a few very remarkable people whom I knew in my childhood; one of them was Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, a poetess less well known than she ought to be in this country, for she wrote some very charming things. She was engaged at one time to Edgar Allan Poe, and, I think, loved him with all her heart, but the engagement was broken off because Poe was too convivial. Long after his death Mrs. Whitman wrote a monograph in his defence, and to hear her talk of him was a great pleasure to me. She was interested in my verses, and encouraged me to persevere with my writing. But, of course, it was not till I went to Boston that I really saw any of the great world of art and literature. I must tell you that I was married six weeks after I left school, so Boston has been the home of all my grown-up life; though for the past eighteen years I have forsaken it for part of every year in order to come over here. English by descent, I felt in first coming to England that I had found my true home, and I love London," she added enthusiastically, "better than any place in the world."

"Friends?" she continued, after a short pause, "yes, my life has been singularly rich in its friendships. When I first went to Boston I joined what was called the Radical Club. Once a month we held a meeting, and somebody read a paper, and everybody else pulled it to pieces. Emerson belonged to the club, and Bronson Alcott, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and T. W. Higginson, and many other interesting people. To go there was a real delight to a hero-worshipping girl such as I was then. I found Emerson the most genial and unaffected of men, with a genuine interest in everybody he met. Longfellow was a very dear

friend of mine, and often brought his unpublished verse for me to look at, and with Whittier I was in most intimate sympathy. He, as everybody knows, was a Quaker, at once the shrewdest and the most unworldly of men—a remarkable combination. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has always been a kind friend to me."

"And did you ever come across Nathaniel Hawthorne?"

"No, not Hawthorne, he died too long ago; but I know his son and daughter, and for me Hawthorne is the greatest novelist America has yet produced. 'The Scarlet Letter' is, so far, the high-water mark of American fiction; but, of course, I knew Lowell and Charles Sumner, and the other celebrities of Boston. I should like to say a word about our younger writers, of whom many are friends of mine—T. B. Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, R. W. Gilder, R. U. Johnson, Arlo Bates, Edgar Fawcett, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Louise Imogen Guiney, and the rest of the poets—Mr. Howells, Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. Deland, Mary E. Wilkins, Anna Eichberg King, Sarah Orne Jewett, and the rest of the storytellers, not to mention a small army of critics and essayists. There is more good literary work being done in America nowadays than the English people are aware of."

"I wish, Mrs. Moulton, you would tell me something of your English friends."

"Well, when I first came to London, Lord Houghton introduced me to many whose books I had read and loved long before I came here. It was at a breakfast at his house that I first met Mr. Browning. Shortly after I came into the room Lord Houghton, whose voice was very low, brought a gentleman up to me whose name I failed to hear. My fellow-guest had a pleasant face, and was dressed in grey; he sat down beside me, and talked in a lively way on everyday topics until Lord Houghton came to take me in to table. Opposite to us sat Miss Milnes, now Lady Fitzgerald, between two gentlemen, one of whom was the man in grey. Presently Lord Houghton asked me if I thought Browning looked like his pictures. 'Browning?' I asked. 'Where is he?' 'Why, there, sitting beside my daughter,' he replied. But, as there were two gentlemen sitting beside Miss Milnes, I sat during the remainder of the breakfast with a divided mind, wondering which of these two men was Browning. After going back to the drawing-room my friend in grey again came and sat beside me, so I plucked up courage and said, 'I understand Mr. Browning is here; will you kindly tell me which he is?' He looked half puzzled, half amused, for a moment; then he called out to someone standing near, 'Look here, Mrs. Moulton wants to know which of us is Browning. *C'est moi!*' he added



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

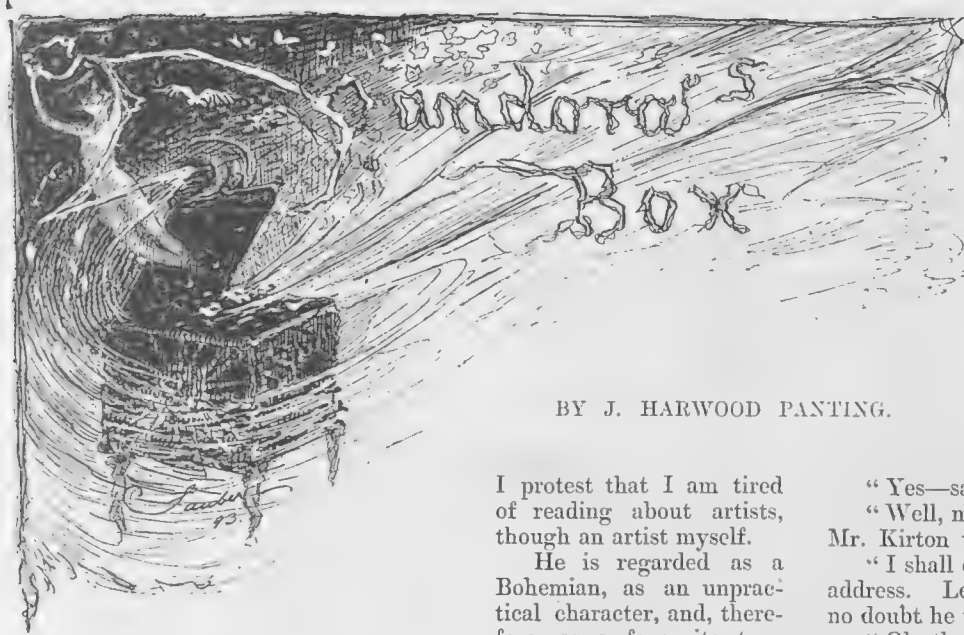
with a gay gesture, and this is how my friendship with the author of 'Pippa Passes' began. Then, during those same years, I met Mr. Swinburne, Theodore Watts, Lewis Morris, George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, William Bell Scott, Aubrey de Vere, and scores more of the most interesting Londoners of the last twenty years, and, of course, I now know many of the younger writers."

"And now, Mrs. Moulton, tell me something of your own work. How many books have you written altogether?"

"I hardly know. There was that first book, 'This, That, and the Other'; an anonymous novel when I was twenty, called 'Juno Clifford'; three volumes of short stories for grown-up people, and five juvenile for a younger audience; a book of travel sketches, entitled 'Random Rambles'; a book of short essays on social topics, 'Ourselves and Our Neighbours'; and my two volumes of poems, 'Swallow Flights' and 'In the Garden of Dreams.' Besides these published volumes, I have uncollected material enough for as many more. For six years I was the literary correspondent of the *New York Tribune*; for nearly five years I wrote each week a letter about books for the *Boston Herald*. The work nearest to my heart is my verse. It is the inevitable part—that which expresses the real me. I don't know how many editions there have been of 'Swallow Flights'—eight or ten, I think, in America and two in England."

But Mrs. Chandler Moulton delights far more in talking of her friends than of herself, and the many interesting photographs, among others those of Thomas Hardy, Stevenson, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and Philip Bourke Marston, on the mantelpiece of her temporary London home are an unconscious revelation of the fact that "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



BY J. HARWOOD PANTING.

I protest that I am tired of reading about artists, though an artist myself.

He is regarded as a Bohemian, as an unpractical character, and, therefore, as a favourite type for the storyteller. I have

no doubt that all these attributes are his. If every man had his deserts, who would 'scape whipping? And the whip which should be the portion of the artist, I am also willing to confess, would be a specially thought one; but when you deck him with the appurtenances of an unreal existence, with an abnormal head of hair (usually very curly, sometimes "fuzzy"), and steal his paints from his palette to lavish upon his countenance, then it is time to protest.

Take myself as a witness, and can I produce better evidence? All the love of art was in me. I had drunk deeply, to the point of intoxication, of the old masters; I had endeavoured to pluck out the heart of their mystery—not, I admit, successfully; I had stood for hours before the landscapes of Turner, had revelled in the flesh-tints of Titian and Rubens, and had looked with a hungry eye upon the modern masterpieces of Leighton and Millais.

And yet, with all this, I had worked steadily away at my "pen-and-ink," and had trained myself to the acceptance of that unromantic, yet solid bread-and-butter which the "weekly illustrateds" afforded.

I, of course, had my club, where we had our models, our criticisms, our smoking concerts, and that great yearly event when those of us who had created monstrosities exhibited them on the walls, prior to their going through the ordeal of rejection by the Royal Academy.

At such times we essayed the parts of true Bohemians. We smoked till the metaphorical cloudland in which we ordinarily dwelt was converted into a veritable cloudland. We drank ale from huge flagons, and jostled each other in our friendly struggles for tobacco-flavoured bread-and-cheese. The Venus de Medici looked down upon us stripped of those habiliments which a nicer civilisation has considered essential to a less classical type of womanhood.

Reading between the lines, I can see that I had my ambition, even at that period. Yet we are flotsam and jetsam most of us, carried hither and thither by the tide of human life. My ambition was to be taken as an artist with a purpose, but that greater public, which so remorselessly massacres the innocents, and must willy-nilly be accepted as the master-critic in the long run, had labelled me as a comic artist, and a comic artist—Heaven save the mark!—I suppose I was.

I scarcely like to assert in how many pictures the face of Carita Hammond has appeared, but when she first came to our studio she was quite unknown to fame. Her beauty was of the soft, southern type. She was half Italian, half English. Her mother was Italian, her father an Englishman. He had been a struggling musician, and had died a few months previous to the time I speak of, leaving them almost penniless. There was one brother, Albert, I afterwards discovered. He and Carita were twins.

Impressed though we all were with our young model's beauty, we were quite puzzled what to make of it. We were fertile enough in ideas, but when we came to carry them out we egregiously failed.

Wybert Clayton said she was meant for a Madonna—he had a mania for Madonnas—only he would have to make her hair a respectable and saint-like length. (Carita's was short and curled close to the head, like some of those Italian peasant boys you have seen.) But when Wybert attempted to put this idea on canvas he made a frightful hash of it.

Linton Bailey thought she was a born Esmeralda, but we all agreed that the only part of his picture which approached to Hugo's heroine was the attendant goat. We recommended Bailey to try his hand at the Hunchback, as that was a character, we thought, would suit him.

Jack Dudley considered that the one type of character which would fit Carita like a glove was Ophelia. And as Ophelia he painted her. We quickly decided the question of Hamlet's sanity after that. Such an Ophelia would have accounted for anything.

And what was my conception? I confess I pondered over it. I confess that I waited for that flash of intuition—that divine afflatus—which was to kindle my genius into a flame; but, though I doubted not the material for a conflagration was within me, I waited in vain.

In this artistic circle I had one particular chum, Linton Bailey. A cousin of his, Egbert Kirton, was just beginning to make a name as a novelist. One day, at the end of a sitting, Bailey informed me that Kirton required a youth as amanuensis for a few hours every morning. Could I recommend him one?

Carita heard his request, and came eagerly forward.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bailey, but I know of someone who may suit your friend."

"That is kind of you, Miss Hammond."

"Mr. Kirton would only require him in the morning, I think you said?"

"Yes—say, from ten to one."

"Well, may I recommend my brother? I think he would suit, if Mr. Kirton would give him a trial."

"I shall only be too pleased to recommend him. Here is Kirton's address. Let your brother call at his chambers to-morrow, and I have no doubt he will suit."

"Oh, thank you: I do thank you very much."

I was pleased to hear the next time I saw Bailey—about a week later—that Albert Hammond had been installed in his post, and, to use Bailey's significant phrase, "suited to a T."

I was pleased, I say, and yet the feeling was not altogether an unselfish one. The face of Carita was beginning to disturb my sleeping and my waking moments. It haunted me in the most ridiculous manner. I comforted myself with the assurance that the part she thus played in my fantasies was altogether artistic. I was in search of an idea—the idea which Clayton, Bailey, Dudley, and Co. had missed. What wonder, then, that that one face should always be uppermost in my mind?

Yet I tried resolutely to destroy the fair illusion. I remember that on one occasion I had succeeded in banishing her from my imagination for an entire day. During the evening, when enjoying my slippered ease and a pipe, I took up an art journal and became absorbed in a lengthy criticism of Gustave Doré. To verify a point in the criticism, I got up and searched for an engraving of one of his works, which I thought was stowed away in a large box wherein I kept artistic treasure-trove of this kind.

But my search was unsuccessful. I could not find it. I had just turned out the last of the engravings, when there, rising from the bottom of the box, came the face I had been endeavouring to banish from my mind—the face of Carita.

When I slept that night the figures in the missing picture kept dancing before me in all sorts of fantastic shapes and forms. I seemed to be battling with them the whole night long, and then—it must have been towards morning—there rose out of space a figure veiled from head to foot. It glided swiftly into the circle formed around me by the imps and witches of darkness. The veil suddenly fell from the face, which radiated with a divine light. It was the face of Carita. On the instant the evil spirits vanished. I strove to speak to her, to clasp her hand. Then the spell was broken, and I awoke.

That day I began a new picture.

About this time I accidentally discovered the impecunious condition in which Carita and her mother were placed. I was looking over some music at an old bookseller's not far from Carita's home in Bloomsbury, when I came across a volume of music, on the front page of which was inscribed—

"To dear Carita—from her Father."

On inquiry from the bookseller, I learned that he had bought it from a young lady for a couple of shillings. She was half in tears when she parted with it, and he had scarcely cared to buy it, but—business was business, and he would sell it to me for five shillings. I need hardly say that I bought that book.

"How could I help the family?" was my first thought. Carita was so proud and reserved that I knew it would be useless to approach her. Then I remembered the brother. Yes; he would do. I would interview him, and see if he were more reasonable. As, however, I had no good excuse for intruding into their home, I went to Kirton's chambers a few days after I had made this resolve, in the hope of finding the youth there.

I found the novelist dictating to Albert Hammond what he termed one of his "three-volume enormities." I looked towards the youth with some curiosity, as I had never seen him before. Good heavens! What an extraordinary resemblance! I had heard of the curious likeness between brother and sister, but, nevertheless, I was astonished. There was the same delicacy of feature, the same sad eyes. The chief difference was a large mole on the left cheek.

"I must apologise for disturbing you, Kirton," I said. "I know the morning is your golden time, but I have something particular to say to you."

"Oh, I had nearly finished! Albert, kindly leave us for a moment or two."

The youth retired into an adjoining room.

"It is about him I wish to speak, Kirton. Does he get through his work all right?"

"Nothing could be better. He made some mistakes at first in his painful anxiety to give satisfaction; but now he has got into my style, and, I repeat, nothing could be better. He takes a keener interest in the vicissitudes of my hero and heroine than I do myself. The boy's eyes are the most eloquent I know of—worthy of introduction into the most realistic novel. Paint could not do justice to them, you know. The only really eloquent eyes that I know of in your line are those of the Madonna in the Musée at Antwerp. Most other eyes are painfully conscious. Their weeps, as Artemus would put it, are suggestive of

you—you will allow me to insinuate it in the most delicate manner possible—I would begin at home. Try to help her first."

"But the difficulty you have suggested is tenfold in our case. Not a fellow but regards her with respect and esteem; but if the brother's pride is great, the sister's is a hundred times greater. May I ask a favour of you? Would you mind my tackling the youth myself—not here? I will wait outside until you have finished with him, and will accompany him home."

"I have finished now," said Kirton, with consideration.

"But that would defeat my object. Go on yarning those nice platitudes of yours for a few minutes longer, and then you can dismiss him the same as usual."

Thus it was arranged. I took my station at a few paces from the house, and half an hour afterwards Albert came out. He glanced suspiciously around, then walked quickly away. I came from my post of observation, and followed in pursuit.

"Albert," I said, when I had reached him. He trembled at my voice, and looked at me with the eye of a terrified fawn caught by its pursuer.

"Don't be frightened, my lad," I said, slipping my arm in his. "I am your friend; I wish to help you if I can."

The slight figure drew itself up proudly.

"I have no wish for help, Sir. I appreciate your kindness, but is it right to proffer help where it is not asked or needed?"

This was a poser. My inquisitiveness deserved a rebuff, and certainly I got it.

"But, Albert," I answered, "you are young, and have had little experience of the world, else you would know that a hand extended in kindness should not be hastily flung aside." My contention did not answer. I felt, however, a responsive tremor run through him. He did not lift his face to mine, though I caught a glimpse of it. I tentatively urged, "If you do not require assistance for yourself, there is your sister to be considered."

"Has she asked it?" said the youth.

"No, she has not. She has the same obstinate pride—excuse me for saying so—that you have. But you have some affection for her—have you not?"

"Oh, yes; I suppose I have a little."

"And you know that assistance which could not be tendered to her can be tendered to you. Have you thought of that?"

"No, I never thought of that."

"Well, but you can see that that alters the case, does it not?" said I, in my most insinuating tones.

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"And why?"

"Because"—and as he lifted his face quickly to mine there was a look I could not solve—"because she does not deserve it. You don't know her as I do."

"But what is there to say against her?" I asked.

"Well, I don't think that a brother is called upon to give evidence against his sister. But you have instanced one thing—obstinate pride. Isn't that a big sin?"

"Seeing that you have so large a slice of it yourself, it would be impolite of me to say yes."

"Then she has not a grain of sympathy in her nature?"

"Yes; she is selfish to the core."

"You say that, Albert?"

"Yes, I say it; and I ought to know, oughtn't I?"

"I suppose so," I replied, in a dazed tone: for this was knocking down an idol which I had been diligently rearing for my particular adoration.

"You see her at her best, you understand," the youth continued. "You don't see her at home. That is the right place to test anybody—as perhaps you know, Sir."

I feebly assented that I did. My idol was vanishing into thin air. And then I reasoned with myself that it was this sister, charged by the brother with selfishness, who had spoken so eagerly on his behalf, and had got him his present position, and with that thought I turned indignantly upon him and said—

"You are a model brother, I must say. You young cub, how dare you speak thus of your sister? It was she who spoke for you—who got you the work you are now doing, and yet you speak in this way of one who has been your best friend! No; I don't want to help you. I revoke it all."

"Nobody asked you, Sir!" said the boy, mockingly, and the next instant he was gone, and I was left staring stupidly after him.



Rising from the bottom of the box, came the face I had been endeavouring to banish from my mind—the face of Carita.

influenza; their smiles, a grotesque mixture of maudlin and wheedle. Of course, my dear Ellis, I do not include your efforts at artistic eye-ology in this category."

"Pray don't put in any saving clause, my dear fellow. I am not going to contest your deductions. But supposing I admit them, what then? You forget the most important distinction of all. Your smiles can coruscate, *your* tears trickle, through the whole of those three volumes which you have felicitously termed 'enormities.' We must get our effects on the instant. But it was not to discuss either proposition I came to you. You think the boy—Albert, I mean—is deserving of a lift, do you not?"

"Deserving, Ellis? When you put the question point-blank to me, I think he is. Give me the credit also for having, with my usual prevision, endeavoured to give him that lift; but he is so deucedly proud—proud as Lucifer—and if you know of any way of circumventing his pride I am all attention. I have guessed at his poverty, but 'pon my word, I have never been able to get beyond guesses. His sister occasionally serves as model to your set, doesn't she? Now, if I were

I determined that I would never attempt to interfere in the affairs of others again. I shut myself up in my studio, and stuck close to the picture for the next few days which was to bring me Academic honours and renown. Then I was suddenly aroused to mundane affairs again by a letter from Kirton—

"MY DEAR ELLIS,—I appreciated very much your visit the other day. Though not anticipated, you may believe me when I say that it furnished an agreeable interlude in that routine which occasionally afflicts the soul of artist or author. But what did you do or say to my amanuensis? I know you vaguely hinted at assistance. Have you filled him with the modern notion that a strike is the most efficacious method of reaching that result? It would seem so, for the next day I received from him a letter asking me to kindly (mark the phrase) dispense with his services. I have a high opinion of your eloquence, but upon what subject did you orate, pray, when I was indiscreet enough to leave him to your tender mercies?—Yours sincerely,
"EGBERT KIRTON."

Before answering this letter, I determined to go to the home of Carita. I had found my excuse for a visit. The door was opened by a little maid-of-all-work.

"Was Albert Hammond at home?"

"In course he was," she made reply, looking at me with some astonishment.

"Could I see him?"

She would inquire. She quickly returned with an answer: "Mrs. Hammond's compliments, and her son was too ill to see anyone."

"Too ill!" I stammered. "Was he very ill?"

"Very ill," the girl replied.

I was astounded. The youth whom I had seen in health and spirits only a day or two since ill—seriously ill. It seemed impossible.

"Could I see Miss Hammond?" I inquired.

"Miss Hammond is out."

So I reluctantly turned away. The next afternoon I saw Carita at the club's studio. She was not accompanied, as was usually the case, by her mother, so at the end of the sitting I asked permission to accompany her home. After some hesitation, she consented. I then told her how sorry I was to hear of her brother's illness. Would she regard me as a friend? Surely, I urged, there was some way in which I could be of assistance in this time of trouble?

With a pressure of the hand, she thanked me. If there was any way in which I could help her, she would let me know. But I was not to come till she sent for me.

"Your brother is very dear to you?" I inquired.

"Dearer than life," and her eyes filled with tears. How different, I thought, to the poor boy's estimate—Heaven forgive him!—of his sister.

She was absent at the next meeting of the club. Her brother was worse: he was not expected to recover. I was on thorns for several days after that, but one afternoon I received a note from Carita which filled me with joy. Could I come and see them that evening? Her brother had taken a turn for the better, and would be pleased to see me. I need scarcely say that when evening came I hurried to Bloomsbury with all speed.

When I was conducted into the patients' room by the little maid-servant I could scarcely believe my eyes. Albert was sitting in a large arm-chair, his head propped up with pillows, before the fire. His face was thin and drawn, and seemed much changed; but, still, what struck me most, in spite of the change, was the extraordinary resemblance between brother and sister. It was the more striking now that I saw them together. She was sitting on a footstool at his feet, with her hand in his, the picture of happiness and content. The sadness had quite fled from her eyes. Mrs. Hammond was sitting on the other side of the fireplace, busily occupied with needlework. She, too, looked very happy, as though some dark cloud was beginning to lift from her life. They gave me a cordial welcome; but when I began apologising to Albert for my brusque treatment of him at our previous interview he looked at me with profound astonishment. Carita was bubbling over with mirth. Then a light began to dawn upon me as Carita got up and beckoned me to follow her into the adjoining sitting-room.

The mirthful light had left her eyes, and she had suddenly become grave.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Ellis," she said. "You may think of me at my worst."

"I begin to understand," I said, as she paused for a moment, looking down to hide her blushes. "You—you were Albert?"

"Yes," she answered simply; "but hear my defence before you condemn me. My poor brother had been ill—it was a bad attack of rheumatic fever—for two months. We had a difficulty to exist. We had come to our last farthing. It was necessary to earn additional money somehow; so when I heard that your friend wanted an amanuensis the thought flashed to my mind that this would be an easy



I did the honours of my studio, showing them everything which I thought would interest them.

means of adding a little to our income, especially as I had earned money as a copyist before. I played my brother's part. We are so much alike that there wasn't much difficulty in the matter; but I have imposed upon you and your friend. When I saw you at Mr. Kirton's I became terrified at the part I was playing. I was still more terrified when you came up to me in the street and questioned me. My brother is now better, and were it not so I could not go through the same ordeal again. Mother was the only one in my secret; she reluctantly consented to my plot from sheer desperation. We were at our last extremity, and my only apology is that my brother's life was at stake. Had he died, my secret would have died with him. Will you forgive me?"

I was astounded at the revelation.

"But what about that mole?" I asked.

"Well, I have not been an artist's model without learning some of the secrets of the profession. I painted it," she archly replied. Then

she accompanied me to the door. When we reached it, she timidly whispered, "Am I pardoned?"

"On one condition," I answered.

"What is that?"

"Will you bring your brother to my studio when he is strong enough? I have a picture to show you."

"Gladly—gladly."

Albert soon regained his customary strength: in about a fortnight's time they were able to pay the promised visit. I did the honours of my studio, showing them everything which I thought would interest them—one little treasure especially, the music-book I had bought of the bookseller, and which I now had the satisfaction of returning to its rightful owner.

"But what is that picture covered up on your easel?" asked Carita.

"Oh! another mystery," I said. "Let me see if you can solve it."

I drew on one side the curtain, and showed them my picture.

It represented a huge box, which I had converted by suggestive symbols into a microcosm—a world in miniature of the flesh and the devil. Rising out of it were the imps and fiends of darkness, but in the midst of them all, in a halo of light, was the face which I have long regarded as the most perfect upon earth.

"How beautiful!" they both exclaimed.

"Your face, Carita!" cried the brother.

"No, yours, Albert."

"Well, what does Mr. Ellis say?" he asked.

"The only name I give to that figure is Hope," I replied: and then in a whisper aside, "What is your answer to that, Carita?"

Her response was a gentle pressure of the hand.

"But what do you call the picture?" asked Albert.

"Pandora's Box."

And, curious to say, the picture created some noise in artistic circles and in the Academy of 18—. It made me famous.

And Carita?

Well, she is now to me more than a hope; she is a reality, for she has long been my wife.

"LONDON," AND ITS EDITOR.

I remember, in one of his finest speeches, the late James Russell Lowell spoke of the "low, unceasing roar of London." That phrase implies something more pathetic than the dull discord of the City's daily life: there is a despairing note from the multitudes who crowd the congeries and haunt the hovels of Greater London. And to that cry for better homes and happier conditions of existence there are to-day many responses. We are all Socialists now, in the sense of Proudhon's definition of that maligned word—"It is every aspiration towards the improvement of society."

London has a voice of its own in the Press, a focus for all the light which is being spread, a phonograph to sound forth the words of workers in the commonweal. This voice is making itself heard over the Metropolis, so to Mr. Robert Donald, the editor of *London*, a representative of *The Sketch* betook himself, to hear a little about the great movement for the government of Greater London, which *London* has been reflecting since its first number, issued Feb. 2, 1893.

Mr. Donald's room at 131, Fleet Street has a businesslike look about it, with its maps of London and the excellent portraits of the three chiefs of the City—the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the School Board, and the Chairman of the County Council. From the window of his sanctum he has an encouraging outlook, for directly opposite are the offices of the *Daily Chronicle*—than which no journal is more energetic in pressing the need for progress in the unification of London. Across Fleet Street you notice—very likely for the first time—the statuettes of Caxton, Wren, Goldsmith, and Dr. Johnson (the latter particularly appropriate to the adornment of a newspaper office). The characteristic which struck me most forcibly about the Editor of *London* was his alertness, probably the result of his long association with the daily Press. He swung rapidly round from his writing, and we were soon in the midst of a brisk conversation.

"Yes, I've always had an inclination for social politics, and the subject of Local Government has been my special study. The municipal systems of cities I have studied pretty thoroughly, including that of Paris, which is familiar ground to me. Yes, I am a Scotsman. Age? Thirty-two. My first journalistic experience was in Edinburgh, on the *Evening News*, whose staff I joined soon after Mr. William Archer, who used to write leaders for the paper, had left. I next went to Northampton, and finally came to London 'on chance.' I met a friend who recommended me to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which just at this time was booming the 'Maiden Tribute.' For several days I addressed wrappers, and then was put to reporting and general literary work. I have had some experience of American journalism. You may be interested in recalling the fact that *London* has had its predecessors as regards the title of the paper. One was a theatrical paper; another called itself a 'censor of men and affairs'; Mr. Robinson, the editor of the *Garden*, had a *London*, and so had Mr. W. E. Henley. We chose *London* because it seemed to be the only possible title for a progressive municipal paper starting at this juncture."

"You follow very closely the doings of the London County Council?"

"I do; and there is a great deal to follow, I can assure you. Every member of the County Council is probably surprised at the amount of work which has to be done to make up leeway. Why, many members

are giving two or three days a week to their duties; and as for Mr. John Hutton, he was called the other day the 'resident' Chairman. The great work of the Council is done in committees, but when this is accomplished there are the lengthy weekly meetings at Spring Gardens to be attended, so you will understand that membership entails much sacrifice of time and money."

"And how about the political feelings of the Council?"

"The astonishing thing is how the shades of politics are merged in the unity of purpose which prevails inside the Council. Rigid party lines are rarely discernible in the voting lists; in fact, the Moderates are not, in Lord Clive's words, surprised at their moderation so much as at their progression."

"There is such an enormous area for improvement in one way or another in London that everyone must be more or less a reformer. What with the unification of the City Corporation and the County Council, which is coming, and the municipalisation of our common services, which



Photo by Draycott, Birmingham.

MR. R. DONALD, EDITOR OF "LONDON."

will be rapidly pushed forward, a difficult problem will be to fix the limit of central control, and say where decentralisation should begin. Take parishes like Islington and St. Pancras—they are each nearly as large as Sheffield, and it is hardly surprising that these districts do not care to come under the control of a central body. With District Councils many of our present difficulties will disappear."

"Where are the municipal workers of the future coming from?"

"That is a problem which is difficult to answer. The heavy demand on time, and also on the pocket, precludes many men who would be useful from joining the Council. No; there is little oratory at Spring Gardens; there's no time for it with an agenda of sixty pages. It is undoubtedly an apprenticeship for the House of Commons, that will be no disadvantage for the older assembly, I think."

"We have been forgetting *London* all this time, Mr. Donald."

"Well, we have been discussing the cause of the paper, which amounts to the same thing. We are trying to interest Londoners in their own affairs. The programme in its first number contained this sentence: 'We propose to consider the Great City not simply as a resort of business and pleasure, but in its collective aspect as the abode of five millions of people, all of whom are in need of honest, capable, and wisely directed government.' That is the ideal of *London*, which I hope is being gradually fulfilled."

D. W.

GRAZING BY GASLIGHT.

The vagaries of the modern are boundless. An action has been raised in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, by the taxpayers of the town of New Utrecht to restrain certain citizens from wasting the public funds by illuminating unused streets and potato-fields with gas. New Utrecht contains 10,000 inhabitants, but there are as many as 4000 public gas-lamps. Hundreds of them are strung along the edges of cornfields and potato patches. It is said that in the rural portions of the town the milkmen and small farmers turn their cattle out to graze at night in pastures lighted up by hundreds of gas-lamps, for which the property owners of the town are compelled to pay. The animals are getting fat, as they graze every hour of the day and night, while the inhabitants are becoming (financially) leaner day by day.

ANTELOPE-FARMING IN ENGLAND.

Taking it for granted that a new meat would be a desideratum, it is proposed to mention some of the larger South African antelopes, with a view of considering the feasibility of introducing some of them into this country as a future source of food. The chief difficulty would be undoubtedly our climate—that is, the winter. Not but that the nights are often bitterly cold even in Southern Africa, as everyone who has camped out much on the veldt must know. But the snows and frosts of our winters—such a one as last season's, for instance—would severely try the constitutions of animals but recently imported from warm latitudes. Nevertheless, the idea has often struck me, when hunting eland and other large game, that their introduction at home would be desirable, if possible, and had the means been available I should certainly have attempted it. I know that the attempt has been made, but how far it was persevered with I am ignorant. Some twenty years ago, the late Lord Hill had eland in his park at Hawkstone, in Shropshire, and I well remember seeing some hanging dressed in a butcher's shop at Shrewsbury. Certainly they were small compared with the size they attain in their native habitat, but well-nourished and healthy-looking, and, consequently, showing that they had not, so far, suffered constitutionally. It was just about the time I was commencing my wanderings, but I believe that they were done away with shortly afterwards—I do not know why, or whether difficulties in the way of their accommodating themselves to altered circumstances had anything to do with it. Since then I have had the opportunity of studying the habits of many of these antelopes in their native haunts, and, as before observed, have thought how eligible an animal the eland (*Oreas canna*) would be if it could make itself at home in an English deer-park.

Compared with other antelopes, the eland is of a lethargic temperament, and altogether a gentler animal than other and smaller ones. This characteristic, where acclimatisation is thought of, must always be an advantage. Its great size, also—standing, as it often does, over sixteen hands at the shoulder—would lead to the surmise that it could, on account of plenty of animal warmth, the more easily withstand rigorous weather. Not but that, if such animals are to be introduced, it would be necessary to provide artificial shelter in the more protected parts of the enclosure—at all events, for some years. Of course, if the creatures are obtained as calves and imported quite young, they would require extra attention; in fact, the venture must of necessity be accompanied with trouble and expense. These, however, I do not intend to consider in the light of difficulties proper. The trial must be made where money is no object, and other animals would have to give way for the time. Should any abnormally severe winter prevail, it would be well to keep the game up altogether. This might be readily done by having sheds with paddocks attached, such as are provided for the red deer used for Her Majesty's Hounds at Ascot, or at the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, dispensing with the heating apparatus of the latter. By means of the stockade the antelopes could be driven in, and would in time become comparatively tame. One thing with regard to eland is that they are to a certain extent migratory. I know that they leave feeding grounds where they are plentiful at certain seasons of the year for others, returning again in due course if not harassed by hunters. This is probably their instinct guiding them to favourite food which only appears at stated periods. At the present time I do not suppose that any eland would be met with south of the Kalahari Desert. Here it is, or was, plentiful. They are much more shy and difficult to approach now than formerly, and require careful stalking, where this is practicable at all in a region such as the Kalahari. It would surprise anyone unacquainted with African hunting how such a bulky animal can get over the ground. Throwing the head back so that the horns rest on the shoulders, and stretching out the nose, as so many deer do when starting, they break into a rambling trot, increased to a gallop if hard pressed. It takes a good horse to bring them to a standstill at times, and he generally has had enough of it by the time the run is over. I consider the flesh excellent, despite the testimony of certain hunters who say it might be better. The fact is one gets utterly sick of animal food of any sort, when, as is often the case, it is almost the only thing obtainable, and one has to exist on that and nothing else—not even flour—for lengthened periods, as has been my lot. I have never tasted it otherwise than cooked camp fashion, and with very trifling accessories; but I dare venture to assert that, served up as venison or roast beef is at home, it would be a dish fit for a king. Stall-fed, of course, would be still more delicate, and I regret that I did not avail myself of the opportunity of tasting some of it at the time stated, so as to be able to judge of the difference, if any, between that and the hunted meat I have so often lived upon.

The next antelope which would probably be met with, and, in point of size, would seem likely to suit our purpose, is the koodoo (*Strepsiceros kudu*). Certainly the most beautiful of its family, not only in Africa but elsewhere, and to all appearance as hardy as the eland, though less in size than the latter, the koodoo would, indeed, be a splendid addition to our fauna. It is most generally found in well-wooded, hilly districts, and delights in rocky ground. This makes hunting it particularly arduous, clambering over such country in the broiling sun being terribly exhausting. Very sure of foot, and for such a heavy beast—it stands four feet at the shoulder—active and swift, it takes a good horse to negotiate the difficulties through or over which a hard-pressed koodoo will be pretty sure to lead you, the formation of its hoofs, like those of the true goat's, enabling it to bound from rock to rock with safety.

Space does not permit taking notice of several antelopes which at first sight would appear as likely the one as the other to suit the end in view. Perhaps, looking at it with the addition of a sporting light, there are no animals more swift and enduring than the tsessebe (*Alece-lephus lunatus*). Masters of Hounds would find speed and stamina sufficient to satisfy the most exacting were it ever found practicable to turn up these antelopes before the pack. My readers must kindly excuse some extravagance on my part. The whole thing is extravagant, and is treated as such. But our fallow deer, now perfectly domiciled here, were introduced from warmer climes; so were many of our birds.

Another fine antelope is the roan (*Hippotragus leucophaeus*). Still further north is the general habitat of this species, though they may be met with sparsely south of the country watered by the tributaries of the Limpopo, running into this river towards its source. It is a fine animal, and one possessing gamier qualities than the eland, perhaps I ought to say a vicious one. Furnished with a powerful pair of curved horns, which it knows very well how to use, it is by no means a despicable antagonist when wounded and brought to bay. I have seen dogs cruelly treated by them, and once narrowly escaped being transfixed by a charging roan antelope. In this scuffle the creature dropped within a few feet of me, having turned and come at me before I could reload. He was so active that I don't think I could have successfully dodged him had he lasted a few seconds longer. The bullet had gone clean through his heart, and the power of game to charge after such a wound has been proved so often by other hunters that I need not further refer to it here, except to say that such instances have frequently come under my own observation. With dangerous game I prefer a lung shot, as suffocating speedily by hemorrhage.

Passing over the swamp-dwelling antelopes, such as situtangas, lechwes, pookoos, and the waterbuck—the latter often found some distance from water, the former never—the flesh of all these is so decidedly nasty as, without other causes of inappropriateness, to exclude them from our present category. I will conclude my list of likely game with the sable antelope.

The sable antelope (*Hippotragus niger*) is a large beast measuring from 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. at the withers. To meet with this species one has to go far up the country—to that immediately south of the Zambesi River, the Manica Plateau, and Mashonaland. Like the roan antelope, the possessor of formidable horns of much greater length, it can give ghastly wounds. The sable antelope partakes more of the nature of *Cervidae* in its habits, by reason of an old bull invariably taking charge of the herd as lord and master, the younger bulls, though accompanying the cows, being only allowed to do so on sufferance, of which they are evidently fully aware. Frequently old bulls, which from one cause or another have been ostracised from their herd, are met with alone or in company with other antelopes than those of their own species, apparently quite on a friendly footing with their adopted companions. A number of these creatures cantering over the veldt, their every movement grace, is a beautiful sight, and one which would add much to the loveliness of the scene of our English deer parks.

In this connection the following experiment to graze venison for the London market by a Suffolk squire in the last century is interesting—

In April 1747, a seven-acre paddock was stocked with twenty-two deer—thirteen bucks, nine does—which were bought in at 12s. each. The first buck was killed in honour of the christening of a niece, "as fat a buck as could be found in Suffolk," and the Squire sent a portion to a brother in London, who was asked to find out the value of the meat. The praises bestowed on the haunch sent, which weighed 30 lb., encouraged the Squire to hope for a good price in disposing of his other bucks. In August 1748 he had to be content with an offer from a pastrycook in Leadenhall Street of £9 for a couple of bucks, and a promise of "more, if it could be afforded." Great was the Squire's dissatisfaction when he received but £8 2s., 18s. being deducted for carriage by coach. He first thought that the charge was an imposition, for he states that a person weighing not so much as his two bucks could be carried from Ipswich to London for 6s. 6d. Eventually the regular price paid him was £5 per carcase, from which 9s. for carriage was to be deducted.

The first two carcasses weighed 124 lb. and 122 lb.—

Two haunches	56 lb.	46 lb.
Two plates with shoulder	58 lb.	64 lb.
Chine	10 lb.	12 lb.
	124 lb.	122 lb.

The skin belonged to the Squire, but was in each case sent with the carcase, with directions for it to be "dressed in oyl." When three or four were ready, they were sent back to Ipswich by "hoy" carriage, the coach being too expensive, and were used for breeches and gloves. An average of five bucks a year were sold off the seven-acre paddock between 1748 and 1753. Then it is stated in a letter that "half the stock were lost from hurts in the back," and from this date there is no further mention of venison. The net profit of £4 11s. per carcase of 120 lb. is named by the Squire himself as "tolerably successful," and is equivalent to 6s. per stone of 8 lb. The purchasers are called "pastrycooks." On receipt of a letter from them, a buck was shot, cut up, packed in a hamper, and sent same day by coach. Particular care was to be observed in cutting up, and on one occasion when complaint was made explanation was given that, owing to the buck being twice missed before it was shot, there had been barely time to prepare the venison in time for the coach. J. W.



MISS ANNIE HILL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

We reproduce, by the kind permission of Messrs. Dunthorne, the portrait of Robert Burns which was painted in 1787 by Alexander Nasmyth, and, engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Frank Short, has now been



ROBERT BURNS.—ALEXANDER NASMYTH.
Reproduced from Mr. Frank Short's mezzotint.

published by the above firm. Burns appears to have been a very difficult subject for a portrait, repeatedly refusing to sit to the many artists who clamoured for the honour. We have his own word for it, however, that

he gave Alexander Nasmyth some half-dozen sittings, and when the painting was finished it was passed on to John Beugo, who proceeded to engrave it in stipple. Since that time numerous engravings, of varying merit, of the portrait have been executed, most of them, however, deviating widely from the original picture, for the artistic purposes of the engravers themselves. Mr. Frank Short's engraving, in pure mezzotint, goes back from these mutations of fashion, and accepts loyally the original, undoubtedly fine portrait by Nasmyth, which will be studied by all, not only for its intrinsic worth, but also for the associations attached to it.

Mr. P. G. Hamerton has a long discourse in the current *Contemporary Review* upon the "Foundations of Art Criticism," which is, in effect, a deliberate attack upon that school of critics who, by an inevitable development of Mr. Lang's nickname, are summed up under the title of the New Criticism. It certainly cannot be said that he furthers any particular cause with any particular effectiveness; for, though he uses Mr. Ruskin as his missile to throw at the skulls of these new critics, he by no means espouses an extreme Ruskinian fanaticism in adopting his own standpoint.

At the same time we are bound to confess that Mr. Hamerton does not exactly seem to have grasped the true attitude of those critics against whom he tilts so fervently. He describes them as differing from Mr. Ruskin "in attaching less importance to truth and more to the purely artistic elements, especially to technical dexterity, of which, it is said, only professional artists are competent to judge." And he adds an expression to the effect that they are consumed with a contempt for all "literary" criticism of the Fine Arts. By way of example, he selects Mr. Joseph Pennell, who is supposed, we fancy, to sum up the vices of the New Criticism in his own person.

But we have never, at all, in the course of a somewhat intimate experience of the writings of the New Criticism observed it to be an accepted tenet that "only professional artists" are competent to judge technical dexterity—a theory which would certainly exclude three-fourths of the New Criticism from a belief in its own competence. Moreover, Mr. Hamerton is at pains to quote certain expressions from the writing of Mr. Pennell, an artist in black-and-white, upon various pictures in oil, an achievement which, if Mr. Pennell held the doctrine ascribed to him, would, *ipso facto*, prove that Mr. Pennell was bent upon proclaiming his personal disability to have a serious opinion upon the matter.

To take, again, another side issue—which, indeed, Mr. Hamerton, in this paper, exalts into a very damning fact—the writers who may generally be described as representative of the New Criticism do not, as a body, to our knowledge profess the slightest scorn for literary criticism merely on the ground that it is literary, or to culture because it happens to be culture. On the contrary, it is a patent fact, obvious to



LA MUSIQUE.—A. CALBET.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

him that runs, that many of these writers do write their own tongue exceedingly well, and that many of them can well lay claim to as accomplished a culture as any cultivated man of the time. But it is an undoubted fact that these critics have objected, and persist in objecting, to the accomplishment in letters being substituted and permitted to do duty for the accomplishment of criticism. It is possible for profoundly immoral artistic views to be dressed up in a guise that shall fascinate the unwary into a belief that any theory clad in raiment so elegant must be true of necessity. And this, we take it, is the issue of that part of their quarrel with Mr. Ruskin which deals with literary criticism. From their point of view, the fact that his criticism is so literary only adds to it an additional danger.

We have now cleared the pound from unnecessary obstacles, and with their disappearance we cannot perceive that Mr. Hamerton has left himself anything of vital interest to say. He states briefly, in the words quoted above, the quarrel as it exists between criticism new and a little old; but in so stating the quarrel, reduced to its first principles, he cannot do more than base arguments upon such of those first principles as he happens to admire. But the essential quarrel is irreconcilable. "A is B," says Mr. Ruskin, "because it is not C"; "A is C," retorts the New Critic, "because it is not B." And you can no further go. The New Critic, in his wrath, declares Mr. Ruskin to be a Philistine; and Mr. Hamerton replies that you might just as well call the Queen a woman of low social position. But that is because Mr. Hamerton, for the moment, is ready to hold that A is B; if to-morrow he came to the conclusion that A is C he would be equally fervent in unsaying his defence.

In truth, it is simply useless to attempt to persuade an opponent of the futility of his first principles. By whatever means those principles are engendered in a man's life, there they are—the bases of his thought, his intellectual premises, his implied axioms. It is quite out of the question to pit the opinion of any "celebrated French artist" against the opinion of anybody else upon the subject of realism or anything else. Mr. Hamerton persists in thus setting opinions in contrast; but he clearly gets no further in his controversy. His truest word is that in which he discusses the Newer Criticism, which shall, like the gods of Olympus, oust the Titans, even as the Titans ousted Chaos. Of course, it will; first principles are as fruitful as summer flowers, and the moment a new set is made coherent we shall naturally have a new method of criticism and judgment.

On Sept. 4 the private view of the autumn exhibition at the Manchester City Art Gallery is arranged to take place. The hanging of the pictures is already well in hand, and the exhibition will be open to the public on the day following the private view.

A Bouchardeau, which is declared to be one of the most characteristic, as it is certainly one of the most famous, among his statues, "Le Faune Endormi," has just been placed in the Salle de Diane at the Louvre.

Its adventures have been many and various; it has looked upon the growing flowers and trees of more parks than most respectable statues would like to confess, and, in consequence, the weather has set its mark upon it. Finally, it found its way from the garden to the *sous-sol* of the Louvre, where it underwent some process of repair, until at last the doors have been thrown wide open, and the statue has effected a deserved entrance.

The poster has come to be to us moderns what the pastor was in many respects to our ancestors. True, there is not a little that is hideous in the hoarding, but, taken all and all, there is much to be thankful for in the

relief given to the monotonous monochrome of the ordinary street by the brilliant bill that decorates here and there. M. Jules Chéret is the great past-master in the art of the poster, and the appreciation of him which appears from the pen of Mr. R. H. Sherard in the current number of the *Magazine of Art* is timely.

M. Chéret began his work when an exile in London. He designed pictorial show-cards for a Regent Street perfumer. It is, therefore, appropriate that he should hold, as he proposes to do next year, an exhibition of his work in London. He proceeds on the theory that "the most beautiful thing in the world is a bouquet of flowers, and it is his desire and ambition that each piece of work, pastel or poster, signed by his name should produce the same effect of joy and life and colour as does the sight of a nosegay." Mr. Sherard compares his subject's work to instantaneous photographs of moving beings, idealised and intensified to the point at which they shall best produce the effect of life and movement. Mr. Sherard also points out that in colour, no less than in design, M. Chéret is pronounced. It is economy rather than taste that has influenced him in his choice, "for it has been given to him to draw from the three primordial colours of red, blue, and yellow—the three shrillest trumpet-notes," as he calls them.

So much has his work been admired that collectors used to bribe

agents to remove the posters from his brush during the night. For such worshippers, M. Chéret designed four panels—Music, Dancing, Comedy, and Pantomime—which may be described as his best work. They are painted in eight colours, and that here reproduced, by kind permission, from the *Magazine of Art* represents Comedy.

The dress of the figure which idealises Comedy is in satin, of crushed-cherry colour. The naked breast is lighted up with moonbeams. The hair is of that Venetian red which Madame Sarah Bernhardt made fashionable, and with which, perhaps as a consequence of this, Chéret has endowed his typical *Parisienne*. In her hand, too heavy for her taper fingers, she holds a Pierrot mask, towards which she smiles; falling from her are other masks, which in her caprice she has discarded. Behind her appears the serious countenance of M. de Pourceaugnac, the grinning face of Scapin, escorted by the comic apothecaries of the tradition of Molière.



COMEDY.

From a panel of Jules Chéret; reproduced, by kind permission, from the *Magazine of Art*.



MISS BARRON, AFTERWARDS MRS RAMSEY.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S GALLERIES, NEW BOND STREET, W.

A PAINTER OF TO-DAY.

TWENTY MINUTES WITH JAN VAN BEERS.

"Tout Paris" is a very useful compilation, and much to be commended to the interviewer who has to set out on Parisian tracks. In it is to be found the address of those who have always been of "Tout Paris," of those who have arrived there but lately, and of those to whom it is a Thule, ultimate and dim. Were you to ask a good Anglo-Franco scholar for a



Photo by Nadar, Paris.

JAN VAN BEERS.

translation of "Tout Paris," he would reply with promptitude, "All the world and his wife," for, in addition to giving you the names of those who go to make up the Paris of to-day, "Tout Paris" is kind enough to add their wives' maiden names, and also, if they desire it, the days on which these ladies may be found at home.

If anyone has a right to be in "Tout Paris" it is surely Jan van Beers, the *fin-de-siècle* delineator of all that is gay and sparkling in the City of the Boulevards. It is, therefore, with a little shock of surprise that the would-be *Sketch* interviewer discovers that his hero dwells far from the Bois and the Champs Elysées, up in the Quartier Montmartre, beloved, it is true, of students and Bohemians, but unknown to the *dilettante* dandies, who rarely venture north of the Place de l'Opéra.

But even M. Jan van Beers has found circumstances too much for him; soon the Villa des Arts will know him no more, for all Paris is discussing the marvellous "petit hôtel," which is being gradually thrown into shape, both inside and out, within a stone's throw of the Bois de Boulogne, and which will soon be one of the "show" dwellings, not only of Paris, but of Europe; in it the artist has put the quintessence of his technical knowledge and brilliant originality, and the whole of his private fortune—this last no inconsiderable item, when we remember that the right of reproduction of even one of his smallest studies is paid for at a truly fantastic rate, for none of his many followers and imitators have ever been able to catch Jan van Beers' peculiar style or approach him in fertile invention. But, for the present, he is still to be found in his old quarters, though, as you follow the neat little page into the studio where his master awaits you, you cannot but note a certain air of unrest and expectancy, even upon the faces of the stolid

Japanese masks and weird carvings which are among M. Van Beers' most cherished household gods.

"The place is in a terrible state of confusion," observes your host, apologetically. "For the moment I am no longer a painter, but an architect, a builder, a mason, an upholsterer." But even as he speaks you have time to observe that a dainty little palette covered with freshly mixed colours lies in close proximity to a portrait of one of those *belles Américaines*, of whom Jan van Beers has become the favourite portrait-painter. "Nay, do not ask me any questions about my new house," he says, laughing, "it will be time to talk about it when it is finished; it is good for me to get away from the subject for a little while, now and again."

"Then, Monsieur, tell me something about your pictures and your models. I have heard it asserted that you have made a vow to paint every pretty woman in Paris. If that is so, your have plenty of work before you."

"Why confine myself to Paris?" he answered, with a bright smile. "I assure you some of my most successful pictures have been done from English and American models. So far from wishing to confine my efforts to this country, I have often fancied that I would dearly like to paint a selection of Japanese beauties. There is something about the East," he continued dreamily, "which appeals to me."

"And, as a rule, does your model suggest the picture, or the picture the model. I allude, of course, to your compositions."

"I always have any number of ideas floating in my mind; the real difficulty is to find a sufficient diversity of pretty and original-looking people with whose help to carry them out. For instance," he continued thoughtfully, "I will confide to you the greatest wish of my heart, and it is the first time I have ever betrayed it to an interviewer." He then paused, mysteriously, "I am looking out for an ideal pair of lovers. I require but two conditions, and yet, though you will doubtless laugh at me for saying so, I have never found them united in the same couple. My lovers must both be fairly good-looking, or, at any rate, smart and *chic* in appearance, and they must be truly in love with one another. Could I but meet this ideal pair, I would set to work hard and make numberless sketches, for, you know, 'The light that never shone on land or sea' does not remain *in statu quo* on a human countenance, more's the pity, and it is that touch that I am longing to reproduce. What do we painters generally do when we wish to portray a love scene? We find two suitable models, place them in position, and try to persuade them to look amiably at one another. These poor people are naturally bored to death. Nothing, I understand, is more fatiguing than to have to make love to someone you do not like. You have in England a proverb 'Two



SARAH BERNHARDT.



Photo by Désgrateil, Paris.

is company, three is none'; this is specially true at the beginning of a love affair. Once started, the couple really seem to care very little how much company there is; to be with one another is bliss enough."

"But, surely, M. van Beers, there are no lack of lovers about. You, of all men, ought to find it easy to carry out your original device, for many a fair Parisienne would enjoy having herself and her sweetheart immortalised by you."

"It is very kind of you to say so," he returned mournfully; "but remember there are two conditions: the sweethearts must both be fairly good-looking; therein comes the hitch. For instance, a remarkably pretty little actress used to pose to me. From various little indications I gathered that she had an *amoureux*. 'My child,' I observed to her one day, 'I should like to put you in a charming *genre* picture which I am about to paint, only I shall require another figure. Have you no gentleman friend who might like to pose as your cavalier?' Her eyes gleamed with joy. 'Yes, indeed,' she cried, 'and, really, it will add value to your picture, for he is extraordinarily handsome, and scarcely likes to go into the artists' quarter, for people run after him in the street and extol his noble figure and handsome mien.' Well, allowing even a little for feminine exaggeration where the loved one is concerned, I felt very hopeful." M. van Beers shrugged his shoulders expressively, "I will spare you a description of the monster. Imagine a caricature of Hercules, and you have the man before you. And it is always so: my *chic* friends waste their affections on dowdy little women, and my beautiful lady sitters take pity on those to whom *le bon Dieu* has been unkind in the way of looks."

"But you must remember, Monsieur, that it is by no means easy to look picturesque and lover-like in a chimney-pot hat and pepper-and-salt trousers."

"That is why I confine myself almost entirely to *les belles mesdames*," he replied promptly. "How delightful it would be if a number of our leading club men would attempt to bring in a revival of the beautiful artistic clothing of the Middle Ages—indeed, I do not see why each profession and trade should not have a distinctive dress. It will amuse

you to hear that I once painted a portrait of myself in an old costume, velvet knee breeches, plumed hat, and flowered waistcoat. This painting is now in the possession of the Comte de Flandre, and I have, unfortunately, no reproduction of it. Of course, when you can get a very remarkable personality to sit for you, even a modern *homme du monde* makes a very fine portrait, for you are able to work into the painting something which would be out of place in the counterfeit presentment of a lady, all softness and grace. Strangely enough, some of my masculine portraits have been especially successful—that of Henri Rochefort, for instance, the half-length of Peter Benoit, the musician." Then rising, he brought forward into the light a marvellous little panel portrait of a fine, soldierly-looking man, Mr. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, whose private picture gallery is celebrated both in the old world and in the new."

"And how long, Monsieur," I asked, noting the marvellous minuteness of the work, "does it take you to paint a portrait of this kind?"

"It all depends; I do not care to hurry over my work, though I often paint at night, with the aid of a strong light. Up to a certain point I get on very quickly; it is the finishing and completing touches which take a long time. I have an exceedingly good memory, and so the presence of my model or sitter is not an absolute necessity to me after my preliminary studies are done. I am very fond of painting the same people several times, especially women. A beautiful sitter is like a rare gem—each time you look at her you discover a new beauty. What has been my latest success? Well, I have been greatly occupied lately with a portrait of Mrs. Osgood." And from out of a shadowy recess the artist drew forth noiselessly an easel on which is placed a painting, which was, from many points of view, a most astonishing *tour de force*. "You see," he explained, "the lady is painted in the character of a Byzantine princess, so, of course, I had to place her in an Eastern *décor*. I always like to paint anything that is unique; that girdle is a marvel of workmanship, and contains a wonderful variety of precious stones. The moment that I heard that Mrs. Osgood possessed this girdle among her jewels I perceived what a valuable accessory it would make in the portrait, and, as it could not be very well utilised on a modern gown, I bethought myself of this costume, which, you see, tries, at any rate, to live up to the beautiful girdle." And it needed but a glance at this, the latest triumph of Jan van Beers' art and technique, to realise that in addition to his brilliant past, he will probably beat his own and others' records in the future, for, as he himself observes with rare humility, "not a day passes, but an artist acquires added knowledge and experience of his art."





AT BRIGHTON: CONVALESCENT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.

GEORG BRANDES.

One of the greatest literary critics in Europe is undoubtedly Georg Brandes. No man has read literature more widely or with keener insight. He is a man who reads and thinks deeply. His study, even without its occupant, tells one this. It is a large room, with bookcases running all along three sides of the walls, almost from the floor to the ceiling. They literally groan under the weight of books, books in every



Photo by F. Ruse, Copenhagen.

GEORG BRANDES.

language, as well as a few translations. One division is given over to English literature, another to German, Scandinavian, &c. There is no show about them, paper covers are profusely distributed over the shelves; but they all have a well-used look, and many of them are copiously interspersed with markers and notes.

It is a thoroughly business-like work-room, of a gifted and busy literary man. The writing table is large, and is strewn with innumerable manuscripts, all neatly and tidily arranged. A square table stands in the window, covered by one of the curious eider-duck-feather cloths of which Dr. Fridtjof Nansen has so many in his charming house near Christiania. Dr. Brandes received this one as a present from a friend who brought it back from Greenland. The different-coloured feathers of the eider duck are sewn together in dice-like patterns, and the brown squares are bordered by the white, black, and grey feathers taken from the neck and breast of the timid little bird. From the window of the study is a quaint view over the canal. Copenhagen is riddled with canals, some of which are most picturesque, so are the barges on its waters and the many-storeyed houses lining the streets. It is a queer old town, and Brandes knows every corner of it thoroughly.

Brandes is a tremendous admirer of Henrik Ibsen, whom he ranks far beyond Björnson. Even this last queerly tangled play, "The Master-BUILDER," he considers splendid. He revels in the obscure meanings and queer twistings of thought. Perhaps this is why he is so appreciative of Swinburne.

Dr. Brandes is sometimes called a dramatist. This is not so; he is a writer and a critic. His brother, however, is a dramatist of note, and, as he sometimes helps him with his work, the public are apt to confound the two men, and imagine there is only one, combining dramatist, critic, and author.

Georg Brandes is a man about fifty years of age. His dark hair is turning iron-grey, and, in the usual Scandinavian fashion, he wears it brushed straight back. It is a sharp, quick face, with thoughtful eyes, when not speaking; but, then, the whole face is quite different in repose. He speaks very quickly and decisively, and his manner then is very energetic and emphatic, almost dramatic.

Like most of his countrymen, he speaks German fluently, perhaps even more fluently than common, because he has married a German wife. She is singularly un-German in appearance and very good-looking.

Brandes is not altogether popular in Denmark. There are two reasons for this: the first, he is a Jew by birth, although a great Atheist in thought. He has written much in the defence of Atheism,

and written with great talent and energy. He demands full freedom of thought for everyone. The second reason of his unpopularity is that he is too radical for the taste of the country. In consequence, he has never been given any public appointment in Denmark, as his abilities certainly deserved. The result is that he has delivered lectures on literature when and where he pleased, the most noted of which were given in Russia. In 1887 he was invited by the Russian Authors' Association to deliver a course of lectures on literature in French. These were given in most of the chief towns of Russia, the tour lasting over three months. The result of his observations during that tour he embodied in his now famous "Impressions of Russia."

Dr. Brandes is rather amusing on the subject of translations. One day a gentleman called upon him. He was an American, and explained that he had translated one of his books into English.

"That is a good thing. We will talk Danish, then, please, as I know very little English to speak. I have translated some of Stuart Mill's books; I can read and understand easily, but I have had no opportunity of talking."

"I don't understand Danish," replied the American.

"How strange not to understand it when you read it so well!"

"But I can't read it, either."

"What do you mean? You just told me you have translated my book."

"Yes, so I have. The fact is, my wife broke her leg, and we had to stay here for two months, so I went into a shop and asked for the most popular Danish book, and they gave me yours. I took it home, and, as I had nothing much to do, I sat down and translated it with the help of a dictionary. I have learnt a little Danish this way; but I don't know much."

"And this book," continued Brandes, "has gone through several editions in America. It is full of mistakes and meanings I never intended. Of course, I never received a penny from it. No Danish writer ever gets anything out of his own country. Translations are usually the merest skeletons of an author's meaning, and I always prefer to struggle with the original than wade through a translation, if it is at all possible; but, of course, one cannot read everything in the original, and then, unless one knows the translation is really good, to my mind it is better left alone."

E. B. T.



MR. EDWARD TERRY.

At present playing at the Antipodes.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

A Sport for Off-Days. The common wood-pigeon or ring-dove is proverbially one of the wariest birds that fly. Its extraordinary boldness in the London parks is only the exception that proves the rule. No bird knows better than the wood-pigeon the exact distance a gun can carry. You may walk the whole day in a country where wood-pigeons are flocking in hundreds and never get a single shot. But there is one way of catching this bird unawares, and I know no prettier sport for an off-day. So just now—when the river has scarcely cleared after the last spate, when the moor is being given a rest after the first spell of driving, when men are killing time in the billiard-room or the stables—if you follow my advice, you will take your gun and make tracks for the bean-field. Everything is so astonishingly forward this year that pease and beans ("polts," as they call them in the south of England) are ripe enough to attract the wood-pigeon in countless numbers. Lie up, then, and intercept them, and there is your sport.

How to do it. It is far better fun than shooting them as they come in to roost. It is done in this way: Observe first the line of the birds' flight. Possibly they come dropping in from some big fir-wood; well, if there should happen to be a single tree on the hither side of the feeding ground, you cannot do better than hide up near that, because pigeons are wont to settle in such trees and to make a preliminary inspection from them before flying down to feed. Or, again, a pond is a good post, as the birds tend to go there for drink. If there should be neither tree nor pond, then make a place of hiding in the field itself. Build up a shelter of pease and beans, and hide behind it. The birds, dropping in by twos and threes, will very soon give you a shot. As soon as you have killed a pigeon, fix him up on the ground in a sitting attitude, with a forked stick to support the head, and do the same with every pigeon you kill, remembering only to put them all the same way and with their heads to the wind. You will then have a valuable set of decoys, and may go on shooting to your heart's content. It is excellent practice, for you must hold straight if you are to kill your bird, and you will get every conceivable kind of shot. A windy day is best for your purpose, for then the birds fly lowest.

Salmon. I hear of an extraordinary run of salmon up the Tweed. The late heavy rains have given the first chance of going up that the fish have had for three or four months. The Berwick men took, I hear, fifty-eight fish in one haul of the net, the other day. This, I suppose, is very good for the river. On one part of this river the owner complains that he can seldom do anything, because the fish do not lie; they are all running fish. This only means that the stream is even and unbroken by falls or rocks. But it is easily remedied. Salmon and trout are much the same in this way. They don't want much of an obstacle behind which to lie, but some they do want—just something that will divide the current and make a small, still harbour behind it. The best way to do this is to drive in piles and mat them with osier, and then, as the silt comes down with the flood, it banks up against this and forms a pool behind it. Much can also be done with boulders, but that is a far more difficult and expensive method.

The Incredible Snipe. I have been much struck, in running my eye over the reports from the grouse moors, by the considerable quantity of snipe that have been killed already this year. I regret this. I cannot help feeling that it is a great pity. A snipe, to begin with, is not, from a sporting point of view, the same bird in the hot days of August that it is later on in the autumn. It is far easier to hit—indeed, it is not worth hitting, if only because it is not worth eating. From either point of view it is wanton waste. At this time of year your snipe is not feeding—or feeding very little—on worms, he is feeding on insect life of many kinds, and it is not until he resumes his other food, say, by the end of October, that he becomes worth the attention of the cook. The snipe that are killed now are, of course, all home-bred birds, and it is this short-sighted policy which is largely accountable for the great decrease in the numbers of snipe in this country within late years. So I hope our too-eager sportsmen will think twice before they practise or encourage the very unsatisfactory proceeding of shooting August snipe.

NOTE.

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"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

Who will say that England's sons are forgetful of the old country after the gathering at Gretna, a Manitoban town on the Canadian side of the international boundary, where representatives of twenty-seven different nationalities attending the World's Fair, and speaking fifteen different languages, met last week for "the purpose of heartily cheering Queen Victoria and singing 'God Save the Queen' "?

By next year it is probable that all the troops in the Dominion will be armed with Martini-Metford rifles.

Western Australia is in clover. The revenue for the year shows an increase of 10 per cent. on that of the previous year, and the future looks even brighter.

By abolishing its staff of rabbit inspectors, Victoria hopes to save about £3000 a year. The work will now be done by the conditional purchase and homestead lessee inspectors, assisted by the officers of the Survey branch. The Railway Commissioners of the colony estimate that during the year ending June they reduced the expenditure by £300,000.

The Government of Victoria is not merely economising, but is creating new sources of revenue in all possible directions. The latest impost is a primage duty of 3 per cent. on precious stones in the rough. Jewellers object very strongly to this, but the hard-up Government smiles at them.

A fund is being raised in Victoria, on the suggestion of Lady O'Loughlen, for the establishment of a village settlement, to be called "The Princess May Settlement," after the Duchess of York. Lady O'Loughlen's husband, the Hon. Sir Bryan, is an Executive Councillor of the colony. Irish by birth and education, he went to Victoria in 1862, and had a brilliant career at the Bar. He was returned for Clare, though absent, to the British House of Commons in 1871, but the seat was declared vacant two years later.

The great difficulty of the Coolgardie goldfield is its distance from a railway. Unless the present number of teams is augmented, there will be a flour famine. As it is, flour fetches a shilling per pound.

New South Wales is gradually turning from pastoral to agricultural pursuits. This is true especially of the southern parts of the colony.

The colony evidently does not believe in the happiness of having no history. The Government is at present issuing its historical records, the first volume dealing with the period 1762-80, and giving Cook's private log of the voyage of the Endeavour, printed verbatim. It is very unfortunate that the public records between 1788 and 1800 are either non-existent or very much mutilated.

A member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, Mr. T. Walker, has written a play called "Marondelle, the Moor." The author acts in it.

Australite is the name of a new explosive which has been successfully experimented with at Broken Hill. The Victorian Government pays very great attention to the importation and manufacture of explosives. Last year the import of gelatine-dynamite increased 90 per cent., while dynamite decreased 55 per cent. There are dynamitards in the colony.

Professor Marshall Hall, of Melbourne University, has again made another curious appearance in public. The other week he was to give a concert in Melbourne, but before starting it he made allusion to "a shameless and ignorant attack on Henrik Ibsen" which had been made that morning in the columns of the *Argus*. "That it may not be said that in Melbourne the name of a world-honoured artist can be defiled by any scurrilous newspaper hack without protest from his brother artists, I beg," continued the Professor, "to dedicate this concert to the name of Henrik Ibsen." And the band began to play.

"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was not so horrible as an outrage which has been perpetrated at Warrandyte, a small town eighteen miles east of Melbourne. At this place a highly respected Chinese citizen named Chatty recently died, and his body was being watched by another Chinaman. It was a melancholy vigil to keep, and the Chinaman was only too glad when two men rang him up in the depths of night, and gave him so much of the wine of the country that he slumbered. When he awoke in the morning the body was gone. The watcher was found in a terrible state of excitement, for he believed the body had been removed by spirits. It was really discovered hidden in a wood culvert.

The interests of Ceylon at the World's Fair are looked after by Mr. Grinlinton. He began life in the Ordnance Survey, afterwards entered the Army, and went through the Crimea. In 1857 he was appointed assistant to the Surveyor-General of Ceylon, where he has remained since. The Ceylon Building at the Fair is designed after the fashion of an ancient temple.

The situation in Mashonaland has struck Mr. Selous as being so serious that he has gone out to look after his private interests there.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"ROUND THE TOWN" AT THE EMPIRE: SALVATIONISTS' DANCE.



THE STORY OF THE STORK.





RAB

Nº 5



MY
LOVERS.



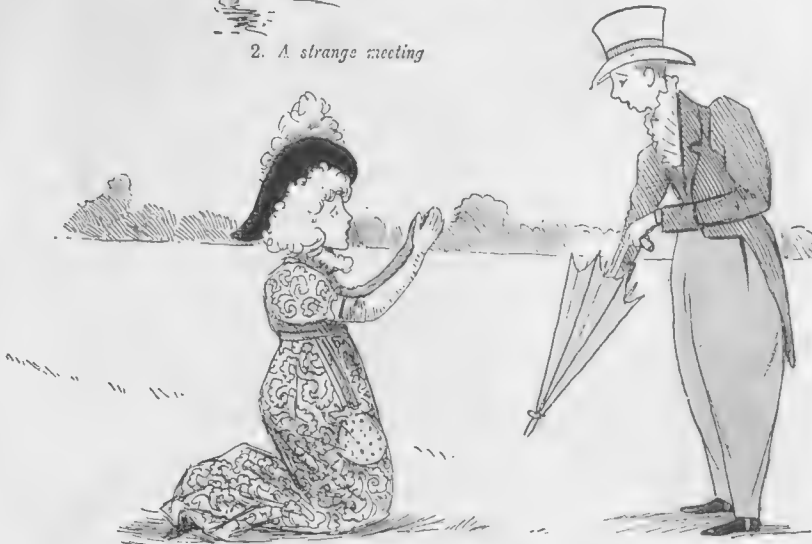
1 A bird among birds.



2. A strange meeting



3. A stern chase



4. Pleading for his



5. The enemy tackled and vanquished.



6. A strange mushroom growth—the reward.

Louis Wain.



A DUET.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The dignity of the House of Commons has been successfully vindicated lately, and the courage of its members has been tested, not *in* but *on* the Furniss. An Irish member, whose eloquence hitherto has been chiefly manifested in more or less inarticulate interruptions, was caricatured by the *Punch* Parliamentary artist, as is the lot of most prominent members. But the blood of Irish kings boiled in the veins of the caricatured one, and, waylaying the offending artist in the Lobby, he proceeded to administer certain gentle pokes, and explain that they constituted an assault, the victim, meanwhile, placidly smiling. There the conflict ended; but the assaulting member exulted in his bravery, and was made much of by his party as a hero—and perhaps he was, in comparison.

A "technical assault" is as absolutely ridiculous and futile as a proceeding as can be well devised in the England of to-day. You touch a man on the arm with a stick and invite him to "consider himself horsewhipped." But probably he does not so consider himself, nor do other people so consider him; for he has not been horsewhipped as a matter of fact. Now, when the object of the proceeding was to force a duel on the person assaulted there was some sense in it; it was felt that if the technical victim did not fight he was disgraced. But nobody expects Mr. Furniss now to challenge Mr. MacNeill, or Mr. MacNeill to accept a challenge. To what purpose, is it, therefore, to mildly paw a man about and pretend that he has been thrashed?

Such a method of proceeding in less peaceful lands might lead to unpleasant results. If one invited the simple cowboy to consider himself horsewhipped, he would probably reply by emptying a revolver into the vital parts of the aggressor and begging him to consider himself unhurt. But for the House of Commons the "technical assault" is sufficiently appropriate. An M.P.'s dignity is merely technical; the "honour" of an "honourable gentleman" is frequently a legal fiction: therefore, it is well that an aggrieved member should vindicate his technical honour by a technical assault. And if Mr. Furniss wishes to repay his foe in kind, let him scratch a few absolutely unmeaning lines on a piece of paper, and invite Mr. MacNeill to consider himself caricatured.

The incident has, however, not been in vain; it has elicited a short but eminently characteristic letter from the great John Burns, wherein that mighty man succinctly states (a) his theory of humour and (b) his contempt for caricaturists. It appears that certain statements were made as to the (technical) affray, on the authority of the great Burns, which Mr. Furniss denounced as false and misleading; and in return J. B. acknowledges that the statements were inaccurate, but declares that they were due to misunderstanding of certain chaffing or ironical remarks of his. From which it would appear that the Burnsian "irony," unlike the Socratic, consists in leading others to suppose that something was seen which, as a fact, was not seen.

There are rather too many Honest Johns just now in Parliament—the Right Honest John Morley, and Honest John Dillon and Honest John Burns. It is not good for three persons to indulge too largely in honesty; there will hardly be enough to go round among the other members. And perhaps this wealth of honesty, engrossed by so few, will lead them to a reckless extravagance of lofty conduct. This is a real and pressing danger, though our three Honest Johns have as yet resisted the temptation. It would be terrible to see these millionaires of morality squander their wealth and become even as others; nor would it be well for them. Aristides was banished for a time because the Athenians were tired of hearing him called the Just; but if Aristides had been called just without being just the consequences to him would have been more serious.

Singular, also, is it to note the malicious satisfaction at the supposed discomfiture of the caricaturist that breathes through Mr. John Burns's letter. Your democrat cannot endure to have fun made of himself or his friends, even if, like the Tribune of the Docks, he possesses himself a rudimentary sense of humour. Disraeli and Gladstone have regarded caricatures, at times somewhat offensive, with entire equanimity—alike in this alone. Lord Randolph Churchill, if report says true, delights in being travestied. Mr. Balfour has tolerated sufficiently atrocious pictorial attacks on himself in Irish papers of the patriotic sort. But let the artist stick to his aristocrats and satirise them, and let him not presume to employ his skill in deriding the working man, so called because he mostly neither works himself nor will allow others to work. The wrath of an outraged scion of Irish royalty—and no Irishman was ever known to be anything else—is as nothing compared with the anger of the derided democrat. He must be free to

make belated and ponderous jokes concerning hereditary partridge-slayers and pour contempt on the House of Lords; but if a miserable writer or caricaturist has dared to ridicule the Chosen of the People, such a one is marked for the guillotine; he is adjudged guilty of *lèse-vanité*, and his crimes will not be forgotten when the people sit in judgment on their oppressors.

No; guy the lord or the masher, and the virtuous gallery roars, and the stalls respond; but dare to set forth in a ridiculous light the average agitator, with his enormous ignorance, his flaring clap-trap, his blind greed, his fantastic inventions, and the gallery howls, while stalls and dress-circle sit uneasily, afraid to laugh. Yet, you may satirise the evening-dress portions of the house, class by class, almost man by man and woman by woman, and they will be loudest in approval; but our autocrat, the working man, like other despots, can only see the point of jokes against other people.

Still, like any autocrat, he finds it very difficult to get what he wants, perhaps because he does not quite know what that is. He has sent into Parliament a band of Labour members to forward the Labour programme—I beg pardon, the "Labor program"—and yet the millennium is not appreciably nearer. Almost all of these tribunes have sunk into average party members, mute and bewildered, "moving about in worlds not realised," submissive as sheep, hardly even bleating as they are driven. Apart from their votes, they seem to have absolutely no importance in the political world—with one shining exception. The exception is Mr. Keir Hardie, who seems to have less than no importance.

MARMITON.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

The immense popularity of the Meister Glee Singers at the Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden Theatre is an auspicious sign in the progress of musical taste. The evening on which I was present the talented quartet had unmistakably the most enthusiastic reception, and deserved it by their perfect rendering of Rodway's "The Young Lover." One of the best qualities of the British public is its fidelity to old favourites, as evidenced by the cordial applause succeeding Madame Marie Roze's efforts. Her voice is not what it was, but her method is as good as ever. A newcomer, who should make a reputation, is Miss Alice Hill. Her first song was "The Enchantress," with which she made a very good impression. Mr. Philip Newbury has a pleasant voice and a careful style, both of which were exhibited to advantage. I cannot say very much for Master Cyril Tyler; many boys in our cathedral choirs are his equal. Mdlle. Rosina Isidor (whose train was late in arriving on the platform!) sang with excellent effect an aria by Donizetti. The orchestra, under Mr. F. H. Cowen's conductorship, gave their selections in irreproachable manner.

I should have stayed longer, had it not been for the voluminous recollections of an elderly lady near me. This dame, in sombre black silk, and wearing gloves which had seen whiter days, had reminiscences of her previous visits to Covent Garden Theatre which suggested an omission on the part of the authorities to place brass commemorative plates on the historic sites favoured by her. Perhaps, if this were done, it would be appropriate to decorate the brasses with the cross-swords which on maps mark battle-fields, as this lady possessed a combative desire to dispute facts with her niece. Her conversational powers utterly eclipsed a beautiful rendering by the orchestra of the march from Raff's "Lenore" symphony. But that's a detail. She remarked, after Master Tyler had sung "Ave Maria," that "'e 'ad a 'eavenly voice, which made her spine feel creepy."

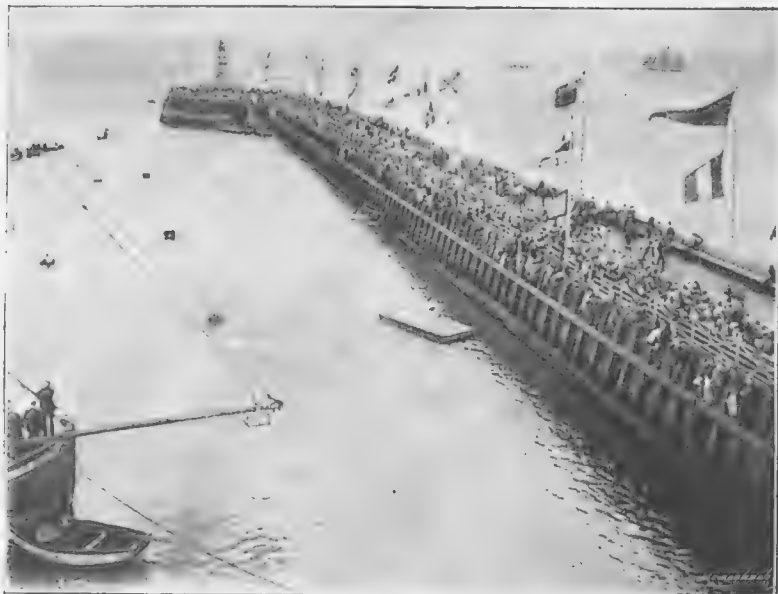
Miss Marian McKenzie is a native of Plymouth. She figured in "The Old Guard," which was so successful at the Avenue Theatre some years ago. Since that period she has taken to singing at concerts. She is a very clever lady in other respects than music, for she has a deep interest in literature and science.—Madame Belle Cole comes from "over the herring-pond." She is a native of New York. It was more chance than intention that led to her fame in England. She was resting from her labours, and visited London to hear English vocalists. Mr. (now Sir Joseph) Barnby happened to hear her, and said, "Madam, your voice is not meant for a drawing-room, but for the Albert Hall." She was soon engaged to sing in this very building, and quickly "caught on."—Madame Alice Gomez is another welcome stranger. She was born in India, and came to London with a letter of introduction from Lady Dufferin. She "came, saw, and conquered" at a reception given by the Premier's wife. She is now Mrs. T. H. Webb, having married a gentleman who was organist at Calcutta Cathedral.—Mrs. Henschel is a very delightful vocalist, whose husband is equally musical. He has taken the part of Lucifer in "Faust" with great success.—Miss Macintyre was born in India. In four years she has reached a high summit in public favour. Her mother acts as her secretary, and the arrangement of her numerous engagements occupies much time. Miss Macintyre was lucky enough to sing in Dr. Liszt's oratorio "St. Elizabeth" when the veteran composer was visiting London, and his approbation sealed her success.

LUTE

LOWESTOFT REGATTA.

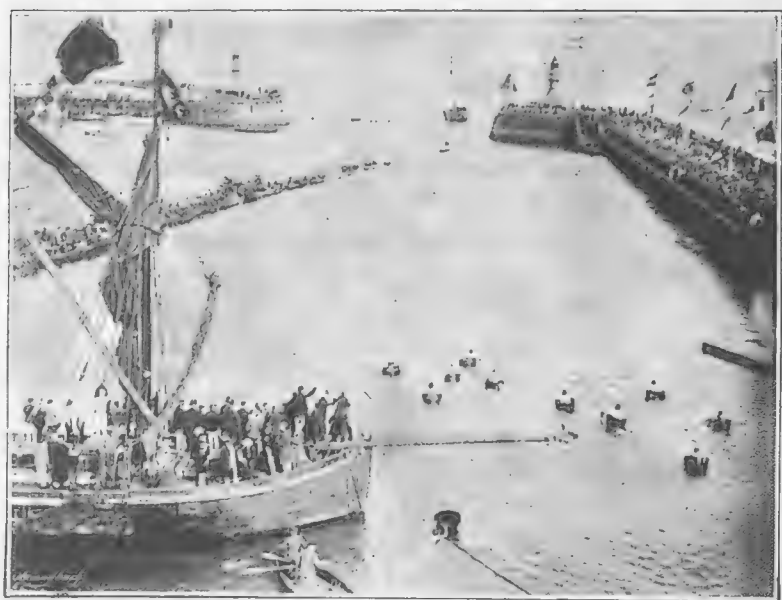
From Photographs by Mr. A. F. Parker, Kingsland Road, N.E.

The regatta is the sport of the moment, and on Thursday Lowestoft found itself up to date with an aquatic display of a varied character.



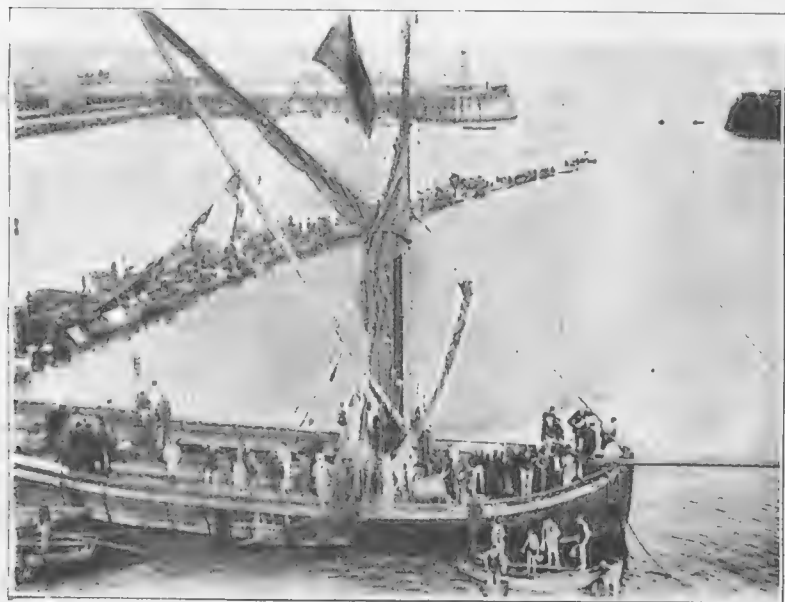
ON THE SOUTH PIER.

Our correspondent, Mr. A. F. Parker, ensconced himself with his camera in the north turret of the Institute, which is situated in the centre of one of the piers, and, cabined and confined as he was, managed to



TUB RACE IN POT-HATS.

take a goodly number of views of the occasion. The day passed off successfully, affording great amusement to the thousands that crowded the piers and boats in the harbour. A number of yacht races



A SWIMMING RACE.

occupied the earlier part of the proceedings, but they were eclipsed in interest by the aquatic sports which followed in the outer harbour. The afternoon sped quickly amid diverse swimming races, polo matches, and the usual, yet inexhaustible, etceteras which go to make up such sports. The most grotesque feature of the day, perhaps, was the tub race by competitors in top-hats. Nobody succeeded in walking the greasy bowsprit



WAITING FOR THE START.

of the committee's vessel, shown in the foreground, but one ingenious individual secured the leg of mutton at the end of it by crawling along it in a ludicrously cautious manner. An exhibition of life-saving and rescue was given by a Norwich team. A county councillor for Suffolk expressed his doubt as to the possibility of any one of the team escaping from the clutches of a drowning person who happened to seize him, and having the courage of his convictions he stripped and entered the water. He seized one of the team and fought to the best of his ability, but he was submerged, and in about a minute landed on the raft, amid the hearty applause of the spectators.

THE ESQUIMAUX AT CHICAGO.

There is a very general impression abroad in this country that because the Chicago World's Fair is a financial failure, the result largely of bad management and greed, it is also a failure from every point of view. This is not the case. For the West it is a success, and is attracting thence daily its hundreds and thousands of visitors. It is for us Europeans that as an Exhibition it has nothing to show, nothing we have not seen at home and on the Continent. There is nothing new or striking in inventions or liberal arts to give a distinctive feature to the Fair. Its distinctive feature is supplied by the unique site on the shore of vast, blue Lake Michigan and the great beauty of the cream-white buildings, about which not nearly enough has been said in the English papers. On fine, clear days these are really a vision of loveliness. If there is not very much that is quite novel in what may be called the side-shows of the Fair, there is a good deal that bears exhibiting many times. For instance, the Esquimaux village is an object of great interest. The little colony, known as the Husky Village, is situated at the extreme north-western corner of the grounds, and is surrounded by a green fence. The villagers, some sixty persons, hail from Labrador.



IN THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Novels with literary and artistic heroines are becoming all too common. In these days of keen competition in subjects and motives, it seems an easy and convenient way, no doubt, of making a hero or heroine interesting to endow them with fine intellects and the gift of sublime visions. It is certainly a capital way of using up the writer's waste material in the way of plans, plots, and conceptions, and for dramas, tales, and epics that will never be written.

Then it is possible to indulge in a good many freaks in the portrayal of that unaccountable thing, the artistic nature. Again, a novel of literary life is a convenient receptacle for the scraps of talk heard at the club or at cultivated dinner tables, which it seems a pity should be altogether lost by a world so much in need of enlightenment. These are the attractions and conveniences from the writer's point of view.

The disadvantages are, perhaps, less numerous, but they are more weighty. The chief one is that the literary calling is not of prime interest to the great world. If it be treated in a vague and general way, it may do very well in the background of a novel. If the story represent the literary heroes as picturesque rowdies like Murger's, or as fine frenzied poets starving in garrets and writing sonnets under the moon, if they be described in terms which would be accurate were they Shakspeare's, Michael Angelo's, and Beethoven's rolled all together, a little after the manner of Ouida, it may pass. But serve them up as they really are, according to the modern naturalistic fashion, and you very greatly reduce the number of those intelligently interested.

The fact is that the poet and the artist are very often supremely uninteresting persons. If this be a paradox, it is an old one; no one ever stated it better than Keats. Just possibly they are men of character, too, and therefore interesting for purposes of fiction; but possibly, also, they are mere passive mirrors of life, or their individuality is not of a kind capable of being interpreted intelligently to the average reader. Simple John Smith, village carpenter, will probably make better "copy" than the most highly complicated poet.

Then the novelist is much too apt to exaggerate the importance of his craft. Used as the circumstance of a story, it is doubtful whether the technique of verse-making and novel-writing be more interesting to outsiders than the technique of cabinet-making. Of course, if, as in "L'Œuvre," it be used to illustrate some great human passion, then the circumstance of literary life is as good as any other.

A novel by Mr. C. F. Keary, "The Two Lancrofts" (Osgood), suggested these remarks, though only some of them are applicable to it; the rest are aimed at a host of recent inferior ones, where the literary background only shows poverty of invention. Mr. Keary's story is of undoubted interest and of real power.

The two Lancrofts are cousins. Hope is a black-and-white illustrator, Willie a novelist. It is the career of the latter that is followed most in detail, and described most from the inside. And, designedly or undesignedly, Mr. Keary has brought out at least one broad distinction between the great mass of writers and of picture-makers. The latter are, as a rule, healthier, less morbid, because less introspective.

Willie's story, till he is a successful writer of fiction and falls in love with a society girl, to whom he is attractive, but impossible, is full of good work. But his entanglement with the American actress is a little difficult to make out, and his unheroic conduct under the circumstances and his unheroic death of influenza are both very disappointing. In fact, those who read the novel only for the story will not see how good it really is.

In drawing Willie's character and career Mr. Keary has made him stupid. This is no accident or blunder, but shows real evidence of insight. The serious-minded, brooding man, who had trained himself for literature in silence and solitude, was likely enough to be slow and inarticulate in society, even in society of his own kind. The next best thing is his endowment of Willie with a huge amount of vanity and egotism. His feelings, his experiences, his successes, the young novelist hugs close to him. He smacks his lips over them in a way only his brethren can appreciate. But this is a vanity that can exist alongside great humility of spirit.

In contradistinction to Willie is Hope. Now, he does not exactly play the part of the villain, but you are given to understand that his moral character is lighter and his mind shallower than his cousin's. Yet Hope, the slangy, untameable Bohemian, despising all sentiment and all conventions, full of vitality and vivacity, bent on success, not very magnanimous, more conceited and less egotistical than Willie, is, after all, the more attractive of the two. Whether this was part of Mr. Keary's design is difficult to say.

There is no hero in the book. Indeed, there is a good deal of cynicism in it; it is not what you would call a pleasant story. But Mr. Keary is a writer of promise. Now that he has delivered himself of his own or someone else's apprenticeship experiences, he will probably move more lightly in the future. There is only one unforgivable chapter, that in which he presents us with a Royal Institution lecture. If the audience fidgeted under it, as they did, why should it have been inflicted on any readers save those of monthly periodicals? O. O.

ALL ABROAD.

Visitors who have been attracted in such large numbers to the United States by the Fair are being favoured with an occurrence of those disasters which are typically American in their colossal proportions. A terrible railway accident took place only the other week, and now comes the news of a terrific cyclone which, travelling northwards from the West Indies, has swept the entire Atlantic seaboard.

In the wrecked condition of the telegraph system, it is difficult to get anything but the vaguest idea of the desolation that has been left in the track of the hurricane. Some conception of the force of the wind may be gained from the fact that it was blowing at the rate of 120 miles an hour. So far, it would seem as if Savannah and Georgia had suffered most, but it will take a long time to estimate, even roughly, how many hundreds of people have perished.

At Chicago itself the unemployed have been demonstrating in a fashion that is seldom seen in this country. Gatling guns were brought on the scene to meet emergencies.

The rumours about M. Carnot's health are contradicted on the authority of the President himself.

France has fallen on an ingenious method of getting rid of disagreeable aliens, for the Minister of the Interior has decided that every foreigner who is condemned by the Courts shall be the object of an inquiry with the object of expulsion.

A placard has been going the round of Paris, calling for a raid on foreigners—"Let us show we have French blood in our veins. *Vive la France! A bas les étrangers!*"

The Empress Eugénie has suffered severely from the recent forest fires in the south of France, her loss being £10,000.

The French Government is to convene a conference of representatives of the London Union to consider the suggested nationalisation of the smaller silver coins.

The vintages in France and Italy this year are unusually good. In France, the output and quality of champagne will be exceptional.

Two Frenchmen have been arrested at Kiel on suspicion of being spies. It is rather difficult for English readers to understand such a move, but to the Continental mind it is quite clear. On board the Frenchmen's yacht were found notes relating to several fortifications, including Heligoland. The "spies" declare that they simply wanted to verify some facts for a book on fortifications.

The Basque riots at San Sebastian have alarmed staid citizens. The town has been deserted by visitors, even although order has been restored by the presence of largely increased troops. A restaurant where Sir Henry Wolff was dining was fired at on one of the worst nights of the rioting.

The cholera continues its march on the Continent. Buda-Pest has failed to exterminate the disease, and the grammar schools are to be closed. In Transylvania the serious riots continue, the population resisting all sanitary arrangements with brutal force.

The first Bulgarian Steamship Navigation Company has just been inaugurated. Two vessels will be built in England, one to ply between Bulgarian ports and Constantinople, while the other will undertake the local coast route.

The cigarette has come into its own, if not more than its own, and the immense new factory which has been opened for its manufacture at Constantinople is necessary to cope with its increased use. The great rival of Turkey in the export of fine cigarettes is Egypt, but Egypt has to import all its tobacco from Turkey.

The Arab is essentially a wanderer, so it is not surprising to hear that nearly 4500 people emigrated from the Lebanon last year, chiefly to Brazil. The population of the Lebanon does not amount to 300,000, so that, by the figures stated, about a seventh of the people have left their native country. They do not settle abroad, their great object being to make as much money as they can in four or five years, and then return to their native village.

The Germans have scored a victory in East Africa by capturing the fortified camp of the Sultan of the Moshi tribe near Kilima Njaro.

The negotiations in Siam have at times seemed as if they would never be brought to a successful issue, but during the past week the situation has become less strained. The Chinese Government is greatly incensed at the renewed and increased demands of the French on the Siamese.

The cause of the Afro-American is being vigorously pushed on this side of the Atlantic by a coloured gentleman, Mr. Celestine Edwards, who is editing a paper called *Fraternity* on behalf of his kin. The cause has a very warm supporter in Mrs. Fyvie Mayo.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

At Old Trafford Ground, Manchester, England met Australia in the third and last of the international test matches. After the terrible trouncing which the Cornstalks received at the Oval in the second match the interest in the third meeting seemed to simmer down to zero. And yet, from a cricket point of view, the third match was the best of the lot. Hardly at any moment in the game could it be said that either side held much of an advantage, and had there been time to play to a finish no man can tell what the end might have been, although the human mind has put it on record that England had slightly the best of the drawn game.

For once in a way the Australians won the toss, and went in first to bat. It is doubtful, however, if they gained an advantage, for the wicket in the morning was trying and tricky, although it certainly improved in the afternoon. The result of some fairly even scoring was a total of 204 for our friends the enemy. England made a bad start. Stoddart was run out for nothing, but Gunn and W. G. came to the rescue, the former going in second wicket down and carrying out his bat for a faultless, if rather slow, 102. There can hardly be any doubt that the great Gunn saved England. The home team scored 243. Even scoring again characterised the Australian innings, when they put on 236. England, requiring 198 to win, had no earthly chance of making the runs in the two hours and a quarter left for play. Still, Grace and Stoddart gave a magnificent display of batting, some of the Middlesex man's leg strokes being exceptionally brilliant. Stoddart was first to go, with the score at 42, but the old man stuck to his guns for an hour and a half, occasionally putting in a superb stroke, but on the whole playing the game of a man who realised that England was in danger. When the old W. G. left, with a score at 45, England could not possibly lose the match, and beyond recording the fact that Trumble bowled Gunn and Albert Ward with successive balls it is enough to say that four English wickets went down in the second innings for 118, thus leaving the home team 80 runs behind, with six wickets to fall.

Next, perhaps, to Gunn's exceedingly fine innings of 102 (not out) comes the brilliant batting of Bruce, who has gradually been developing the form which his admirers "down under" delight to tell us about, but which we seldom see. The left-hander has a marvellously free and graceful style, and his double score of 68 and 36 compared favourably with any display of batting in the match. A word of praise is also due to Bannermann for his 19 and 60, to Lyons for his 27 and 33, and to Trumble for his 35 and 8. The long-legged one is, perhaps, the most improved batsman in the team.

There was nothing sensational in the bowling on either side, although Richardson made a splendid debut for his country by capturing ten wickets for 156. Briggs also bowled well, although rather expensively, and Mold's three wickets were obtained at great cost. Perhaps Brockwell's services with the leather might have been more utilised with advantage. None of the Australian bowlers came out with anything remarkable, the best performance being Trumble's four wickets for 58.

On turning over the records of the sixteen England v. Australia matches played in this country, I find that the highest innings of the Australians is 551, made at the Oval in 1884. The highest for England is 483, also made at the Oval last month. The lowest Australian total is 63, at the Oval in 1882, and the lowest for England is 53, at Lord's in 1888. Murdoch scored 211 against England in 1884, while the highest for England was 170 by W. G. Grace in 1886. The following is a list of all the triple-figure innings scored in the England v. Australia matches—

1880.			
W. G. Grace ...	152	W. L. Murdoch ...	213
1881.			
A. G. Steel ...	148	H. J. H. Scott ...	102
P. S. McDonnell ...	103	W. W. Read ...	117
W. L. Murdoch ...	211		
1886.			
A. Shrewsbury ...	164	W. G. Grace ...	170
1893.			
A. Shrewsbury ...	106	F. S. Jackson ...	103
H. Graham ...	107	W. Gunn ...	102
* Not out.			

So far as first-class counties are concerned, the championship is now ended, and the average demon is at work in weighing up the exact excellences, or otherwise, of each man and county. No man can hope to escape the eagle eye of the fiend statistic. He will record your "pair of spectacles" with the same cold-blooded pen as he will write up your centuries. He never returns an open verdict like a jury, and is more impartial than an automatic machine.

For the first time for ten years we find Yorkshire at the top of the tree in the championship tables. The present season has been a march of triumph for the northern counties. The Battle of the Roses, Lancashire v. Yorkshire, has been the most pronounced feature of the county season. Yorkshire finished well in front, with nine points as against Lancashire's four. The Red Rose had a race with Middlesex for the second place, but Kent came in easily before Surrey.

Speaking of the ex-champions, for six years in succession they had remained at the head of affairs, but the day of their downfall has come, and now we find them occupying no better a place than fifth, with a record of eight matches lost, seven won, and one drawn. One or two of Surrey's defeats were altogether unexplainable, and, to some extent,

inexcusable. Certainly their defeat by Gloucester the other day is one of those things no fellow can understand; to attempt to try to would be to qualify for a place in Bedlam. The great falling off in Surrey has been in batting, for, taking the bowling all over, the Surrey men, as a whole, came out even better than last year, when they were assisted by that prince of trundlers, George Lohmann. The amount of young talent at the disposal of the Surrey executive gives promise of good things in store for the ex-champions. Not so with Notts. Of promising young players above the average they have absolutely none. Old Barnes has apparently had his day, and the only batsmen whom Notts can rely upon are J. A. Dixon, Gunn, and Shrewsbury. It is quite possible that even the two latter have seen the zenith of their fame, and it is hardly likely that they can last many seasons longer and maintain their best powers. But it is in bowling that the weakness of Notts is most apparent. Mee, who shows best in the averages, has paid over 20 runs for each of the 71 wickets he has captured. Shacklock's wickets have cost a fraction more, and Attewell, who one short season ago was among England's best, has captured only 69 wickets, at a cost of 21½ runs each.

If only Kent could muster their full strength for each match, they would make even a better show than they do. Unlike most other counties, the strength of Kent lies in their amateurs. The first five places in the Kent batting averages are occupied by the Rev. W. Rashleigh, J. R. Mason, E. M. Blair, W. H. Patterson, and Leslie Wilson—all amateurs. Rashleigh comes out with the remarkable average of 40·27 for his twelve innings, and he is followed by Mason with 27·63. I have said that averages cannot lie, and yet in one instance they appear to do so. Who, for example, would say that Martin is a better all-round man than Alec Hearne, and especially who would say that he is a better batsman? Yet in batting Martin comes out a long way above Hearne, his average being 22·35, against Hearne's 19·92. In bowling, Martin's average is a full integer above Hearne. These be facts, and yet I am bound to say that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, if they wanted the assistance of an all-round man, would choose Hearne in preference to Martin. While saying this, I don't for a moment wish to minimise the value of the Kent left-hander's performances.

CYCLING.

It seems to me that an enormous amount of energy is wasted for nothing in long-distance races. I have a scheme whereby the competitors could settle their respective abilities without going to the trouble of riding over the ground. What is the use of riding twenty-four hours on the path, or over a long stretch of the North Road, when the whole thing might be done on paper? For instance, everyone knows before the start of a long-distance race that Frank Shorland is bound to win and that F. T. Bidlake will be second. As for the other places, does it really matter? "Ah, but there are always accidents," you say. Of course there are, but, bless you, they don't count with Shorland. He had an accident in the twenty-four hours' race at Herne Hill, and he had another the other day in the great race on the North Road. To some men accidents are impediments, but Shorland only takes his revenge by putting on an extra mile for every fall. In this way he broke record on the North Road by covering 195½ miles in twelve hours, and at the end of twenty-four hours he had accomplished 372 miles, thus beating the previous record—his own, of course—by five and a half miles. Bidlake, on a "trike," came in with 330½ miles, and Hammond 325. The others, good in themselves, are, in comparison with Shorland's, hardly worth printing.

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CLAUDE MONET.

The little village of Giverny, where Claude Monet lives, is a place of the artist's own discovery, picked out by him, with exquisite choice, because of the variegated gold of its haycocks and cornfields, the Japanese-like arrangement of its tall trees, the unusual vermilion of the quarried hills opposite, and the silver-pronged Seine piercing the vivid green shrubbery of the valley. He had also another reason for preferring it, for when he arrived he was, as one might judge he wished to be, comparatively alone. There were no other painters to outstrip him on arriving



M. CLAUDE MONET.

at his selected *motifs*, or to follow him when he had reached them first. But with his growing fame such enviable solitude could hardly be long-lived, and the accommodation of the surrounding peasants' houses soon became inadequate to satisfy the demands of would-be Impressionists. A hotel was built near the newly discovered well-spring of Impressionism for artists to "make their cure," as the French say, for what is not Impressionism, and "take" Monet on the spot, so to speak; the season for the "cure" being usually in August, when the haycocks are at their height, but the more afflicted remaining on late into the autumn, and following Monet out into the snow. And his refusing to take any pupils, on the principle that it is as bad to be the pupil of an Impressionist as a pupil of anybody else, has done nothing to diminish the number of his followers—one might almost be tempted to call them his pursuers. He has not been able to prevent the irony (to those who understand Impressionism as Monet does) of a "Giverny School."

Monet's less audacious admirers may, however, get a glimpse of the great pleinairist as he passes in a canvas-piled donkey cart, as he rows in a canvas-piled boat to the least approachable part of the river bank, or as he strides along the country roads, the brim of his small, soft, mushroom-shaped hat turned down, in tight corduroy trousers, all-resisting sabots, and rough jacket, open on a still rougher shirt. But better if you are admitted to his atelier, little more than a bit of his garden walled off, filled with long-stemmed flowers, while his sketches and studies splash it with colour and light. If anything could be more refreshing, it is to hear someone speak of Impressionism who knows whereof he speaks—since it was Monet who instituted the term when he didn't know what else to call his picture but "An Impression"—something in harmony, because seen at once in its entirety, and painted always under the same conditions, but something very different from what is vulgarly supposed to be the flash of a landscape from the windows of an express train.

In his garden Monet does the honours of his salon, and if he seems sometimes reserved there is always something largely welcoming in his manner. And yet one cannot believe that society matters very much to him; he salutes it, rather, as he passes to more important work. For Monet's life is saturated with his work; it is his work, the strong struggle for the more and more absolute truth, the almost gigantic effort to reach what to approach is to find only further away. His independence was little affected by the ridicule of his first work, and now that he has fame it seems to give him less satisfaction as flattery and reward than as an acknowledgment of fine conscientiousness and great difficulties attacked.

L. L. R.

CHANGES IN THE WINE TRADE.

A third of a century has elapsed since Mr. Gladstone, in one of his great Budgets—that of 1860—reduced the wine duties to their present level. The intention was not only to reduce duties, but to give an opening to the consumption of the lighter wines of France, and to unite the two operations of eating and drinking, which the effect of the then existing system had been to disunite. Hence were introduced the refreshment house licenses for the sale of wine, which have not produced the effect which either their advocates or opponents predicted. Not so with the arrangements that were made at the same time with regard to licenses for the sale of wine for consumption off the premises. Mr. Gladstone remarked as to these that "the channels for the sale of wine were unduly, nay, ludicrously restricted, and the Bill then before the House proposed to give enlarged means for the sale of wine by giving retail shopkeepers power to take out licenses for the sale of wine not to be consumed on the premises." These licenses, which came afterwards to be known as grocers' licenses, were obtainable from the Excise. They have been largely used, and through their instrumentality the channels for the sale of wine have been widened as largely as could be desired.

Under these new conditions the sale of wine steadily increased up to the year 1876, when the clearances for home consumption amounted to 18,671,000 gallons. But since that year, owing to various causes, the consumption has declined, the clearances from bond last year (1892) amounting only to 14,623,000 gallons, a decline in which all kinds of wine of which the consumption is stated participated, but sherry most largely. The consumption of sherry, which at one time exceeded 6,000,000 gallons a year, about a third of the entire consumption, sank last year to less than 2,000,000 gallons. Social changes, the afternoon tea, and the habit of smoking tobacco after dinner instead of passing round the decanter and the nuts may have brought about this result. Wines drunk with meals have been less seriously affected, and it is probable that if the phylloxera had not devastated the vineyards of France, and for some time seriously lowered the average quality of our supplies of ordinary wines, there would have been no falling off in the consumption of clarets. The consumption of port reached its zenith in 1875 with 3,888,000 gallons, and its nadir in 1882, when the consumption was 2,692,000 gallons, from which the recovery has been gradual and steady, the consumption last year amounting to 3,708,000 gallons. It is not very apparent why port should thus recover and sherry continue to dwindle. It is certain that the sherry now supplied to consumers was never excelled in quality or price, and it is extremely probable that its day will come again, and that soon. The clearances from bond for consumption are only given in the official returns for five classes of wine. All other varieties are lumped together as from "other countries." They consist of Australian, Italian, Madeira, Cape, and sundry others. The imports of the first have increased to a very large extent—since 1870, in fact, a new trade has arisen in Australian wines. The imports of these in 1874 were only 40,000 gallons; while last year we received no less than 461,000 gallons, which, it may be assumed, have passed into consumption.

Such are some of the results which have followed the legislation of 1860. But there remain to be noticed some other very important changes, which directly emanated from the widening of the channels of trade then effected. Previous to 1860, the trade was in the hands of wine shipping firms and retail wine merchants. The introduction of the "retail shopkeeper" came in the nature of a revolution. The old retail distributor was a skilled dealer; the new one, at the outset, knew nothing at all about the mysteries of the trade. The shippers were not quick to perceive that a great change had thus been introduced. They were accustomed to sell wine in pipes and butts, and could not deal with those who were unable to break bulk in their own cellars like their old customers, the retail wine merchants. The new retailer consequently demanded a new intermediary, and hence there arose those firms which became in a short time so well known, who supplied the grocer in a way suitable to the exigencies of his business. Sooner or later it was evident that the shippers would try to get at some of this business without the intervention of the new bottling firms, and it is surprising that it has taken all these years to induce them to begin in a serious way to adapt their business methods to the new system of trade, if we could still describe as new what is really very far from being a novelty. Yet it is only now that shippers appear to be alive to the fact that they must deal in a more direct manner with the retail shopkeepers, who by this time have learned a good deal about wine. They have all acquired a knowledge of the houses whose names are associated with particular varieties of wine, and perceive that by dealing in wines bearing the names of leading shippers they are in a better trading position than before. A respectable mediocrity is all that such exclusive dealing can aspire to, and middle-class consumers will observe with satisfaction that at last some of the leading houses in the trade have descended from their heights, and suffer their wines to circulate through the lowly valleys of trade in labelled bottles and at prices not regulated by the caprice of retailers. We speak now more especially of the sherries of Messrs. Peter Domecq and Co., which are sold under the "Elzardo" brand, the labels on the bottles bearing Messrs. Domecq's facsimile signature. We believe that the firm mentioned are the first of the old-fashioned sherry shippers to sail into this still (to shippers) unknown sea; but we can scarcely be wrong in surmising that the example they have set will be largely followed, and thus at last the changes which the legislation of 1860 contemplated will be finally accomplished.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

It seems too good to be true. And yet it is a fact. The Home Rule Bill has left the House of Commons. Left it, too, for good. It will be thrown out in the House of Lords, of course. But, come what may, the House of Commons has seen the last of it. There is something really terrible in the thought that the House of Commons is actually free of the accursed thing. The Bill has been on one's Parliamentary mind so long, and business in the House has come to be associated so closely with the necessity of getting this one Bill through, that the contemplation of the House without it seems almost revolutionary. Yet we have discussed it there for the last time this side of the General Election. Nobody can suppose that Mr. Gladstone will reintroduce it, whatever else he may do. Under these circumstances one's feelings become almost hysterical, and even a little affectionate, towards an object that has caused so much disturbance. "Farewell, Bill," one is tempted to say; "we shall never see you again, and we are not in the least sorry that you are going to be put on the shelf. We hate you so much that we are bound to miss you, and we shall probably think a good deal of you even while you are away."

GLADSTONE AND REDMOND.

The closing scenes in the House of Commons were not very effective. The Great Home Rule "Bill" himself wound up his record by making on the third reading just such another speech as he made on the first and second. It was an oration that did credit to the well-preserved old orator. It contained a good deal of foreign parallelism, historical references, and a peroration; the usual mention was made of the Almighty; and, well, nobody could want more. Nobody really wants any speeches at all at this juncture, but if anybody's speech is worth mentioning I suppose I must allude to Mr. John Redmond's. I confess I am disappointed with the little Parnellite group. I thought at one time that they would have backed up their menaces by action, and voted against the Bill which they were not allowed to amend. As it is, Mr. Redmond frankly told the House that the Bill was a bad one, and that his proposed amendments had failed utterly, and yet that, just for the sake of putting the principle of Home Rule on record as having been accepted in Parliament, he would support the third reading. It is useful to know that the less subservient Irish Nationalists utterly reject Mr. Gladstone's great scheme; but I should have preferred to see Mr. Redmond voting against it.

THE NEW DISRAELI.

An interesting feature of the debate on the third reading was the maiden speech of young Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. The bearer of this doubly Disraelian name is Lord Beaconsfield's nephew, and he was, of course, very kindly received for the sake of his uncle. He spoke with some natural self-consciousness and in too low a tone of voice, but, under the circumstances, his speech was a success. It is not altogether an advantage to be the "nephew of an uncle," but Mr. Coningsby Disraeli has shown before now that he is more than that, and he is, in fact, likely to be a very useful member of the younger band of fighting Tories, who are carrying on the torch of Conservatism. Mr. Disraeli is six-and-twenty, grows a moustache, and occasionally looks very much like Lord Beaconsfield. It was only this year that he came of age to enter into possession of the property left him by his uncle.

THE AUTUMN SESSION.

Meanwhile, we have at last got the autumn session pretty well arranged for. On Nov. 2 business will recommence again. So the unhappy legislators will not have much more than a month's holiday. Moreover, when they meet they are to be kept hard at it. That is Mr. Gladstone's explanation of Mr. Morley's "We mean to fight it out all this year." Well, the Radicals have got their autumn session, and let them do what they can with it. They are praised a good deal in their own papers for being a hard-working lot. But then it must be remembered that a very large number of Radicals find themselves quite lost now when they are away from the House of Commons. And when Parliament is overworked they need do nothing but vote. If they do, the autumn session may be stormy. For instance, the Employers' Liability Bill is to be pressed on, and Mr. Asquith seems inclined to make out that any opposition to it will only be Liberal Unionist obstruction. But, in fact, the most serious opposition just now comes from Liberal members. Moreover, it is dangerous for the Government that Parliament should be sitting. Last year they were saved all sorts of awkward questions by the fact that the Cabinet were not hampered by Parliamentary discussion. This winter is likely to see a good many more contentious questions raised, at home and abroad, than last year; and as far as the stability of the Cabinet is concerned, it would have been much safer to be able to act without question. It must be remembered that after the Lords reject the Home Rule Bill the Home Rule Government are in an exceedingly delicate position, for all they may say. They are open to attack on all sides, and with the Home Rule Bill passed the tie that has kept the party together so far is considerably weaker. We have come now to the period of the "unemployed" and Trafalgar Square meetings, and so on. Any Government whatever might have difficulties with this revolutionary movement in these days, but a "democratic" Ministry are in a particularly tight place over it. The Cabinet still contains a lot of Whigs like Lord Spencer, Lord Kimberley, and Lord Ripon, and I am much mistaken if the winter does not test the democratic sympathies of these noble lords very severely.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

The debate on the third reading of the Home Rule Bill has been, to my mind, the most important portion of the debate. On the whole, it has gone much in favour of the Government. Every now and then in Committee the Home Rule advocates were undoubtedly out-argued. It is easy to offer damaging criticism of a hugely complicated measure like the Home Rule Bill; but when the principles of it have come under consideration the Opposition has always collapsed. In other words, it has been found easy to censure the details of the Home Rule Bill, impossible to conduct a rational attack on its principles. The result is that, while the Opposition speeches in Committee have been finikin, unscrupulous, petty, yet they have hit real joints in the Home Rule armour. On the other hand, when we come back to principles we find naked Toryism, prejudiced, unenlightened, vulgarly sceptical, sounding its stale old note as to the incapacity of a people to govern itself. We know what all these things come to. We have had exactly the same kind of talk about other measures of reform that the century has witnessed. Their Home Rule oratory is simply a variant of the Tory "Old Hundredth."

MR. GLADSTONE IN FORM.

On the other hand, if the third reading debate has shown the Opposition at its very worst, it has exhibited the leading Ministerial champions at their best. I have heard people talk of Mr. Gladstone's speech as irrelevant and commonplace. They are very superficial critics who come to such a conclusion. Mr. Gladstone is a very, very wise old man, who rarely speaks unless with some long-sighted purpose in view. You can tell in a moment what Mr. Chamberlain is aiming at, and you know for a certainty that it is some end which he sees about three inches from his nose. But the Premier looks further and feels deeper. His speech was much more for the country than for the House, and, coupled with Sir Charles Russell's more connected and detailed argument for the Bill, it has completely overshadowed the Opposition case. At eighty-three his voice is better, I think, than it ever was at any period since the alarming breakdown in 1885. Only two or three years ago it was thought to be essential to take the greatest care of Mr. Gladstone when he spoke, to see to it that his efforts were limited to a few minutes, to take every precaution lest that limit should be exceeded. Now the Premier speaks nearly every night, sometimes for two or three hours at a time, stays doggedly through a whole sitting topped with a division, and reappears next morning as fresh as a lark. Never, moreover, in the whole course of his Parliamentary career have his speeches been marked by a more magnetic energy. His whole body is kept in continual play, his long arms sweep out, with the taper fingers stretched out in warning and in appeal, the eyes flush, the shoulders are swung lightly round, the lithe figure hangs over the table almost like a tiger ready to spring, and then is quickly lifted to its full length. You assist, indeed, at the spectacle of an extremely vivid and concentrated nature.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S ARGUMENT.

Equally useful for Home Rule purposes was the connected and very finely arranged oration of Sir Charles Russell. Sir Charles has not been altogether a success in Committee. He came too late to take up the threads of a complicated argument, and now and then his speeches were rather indiscreet. But on the third reading he exhibited all the gifts which account at once for his mastery of his own profession and for his more qualified, but still real, success as a politician. His speech was, indeed, a most powerful review of the entire Home Rule controversy from 1886 to 1893, winding up with an extremely able statement of the most difficult points of the Home Rule Bill. Beneath all the lawyer-like skill of arrangement there was the genuine feeling of a very sentimental and enthusiastic Irishman. I remember the extreme emotion which Sir Charles showed at intervals during the Parnell Commission. The same feeling was visible throughout Thursday's speech. The voice at times went very near to breaking, and, though the argument was pretty close and well connected, at no time did his audience miss the underlying strain of passion. The peroration was extremely good, both in form and substance, and I should say the Liberals could not do better than print the whole speech as the best statement of their case.

AN ANGLO-IRISHMAN.

The answer to Sir Charles Russell was, significantly enough, entrusted to Mr. David Plunket. Mr. Plunket is a very delightful specimen of the semi-English Irishman. He is very popular in the House; he is a cultured, scholarly, rather indolent, ineffective politician, with great but concealed powers of extremely eloquent and even classical speech. Mr. Plunket, however, always speaks best impromptu, and this, owing to his extreme nervousness, he will very seldom do. His prepared speeches want fire and go, and this was the characteristic fault of his reply to Sir Charles Russell. Moreover, you felt about the whole effort that it came from a man speaking not for but against his country. As it turned out, the most dramatically effective speech of the sitting was Mr. Dillon's. Mr. Dillon is not so much a great orator as a striking and very sympathetic personality. He announced his complete acceptance of the Bill—an acceptance in marked contrast to Mr. John Redmond's very qualified position—and in his identification of the interests of the English and Irish workers he raised it to the level of a great speech.

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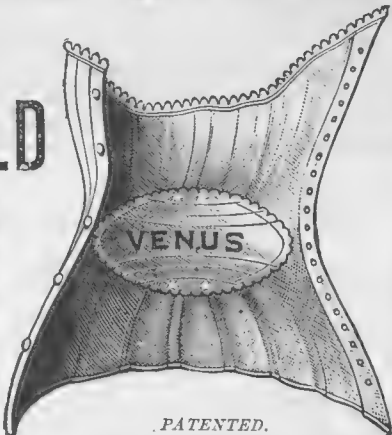
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FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

In the midst of the general indecision and dullness which characterise almost everything connected with fashion just now, it is a positive relief to turn to millinery; for, let the season be what it may, you can generally be sure of finding something new and pretty in the way of hats and bonnets—that is, if you know the right place to go to. I had no doubt in my own mind as to my ultimate destination, and when I had decided that millinery, and millinery alone, could furnish me with a subject for discourse this week, I turned my steps at once to 231, Regent Street, and persuaded Mrs. Farey to show me some of her very newest autumn headgear. It was undoubtedly very pretty and smart, but somehow I missed the many-hued roses which have bloomed so faithfully throughout the summer, bedecking hats and bonnets alike with equal impartiality, and nodding above both pretty and ugly faces. I always feel instinctively that roses are so essentially the flowers of youth and beauty that when they are appropriated by any others it seems a kind of desecration. However, I shall probably alter my views when I also get old, so I shall not commit myself any further, but attend to the business in hand, and give you descriptions of the sketches I have had made for you, which I hope will prove acceptable.



The hat, which is the very latest thing from Paris, is of black straw, the brim of plaited straw in heliotrope, cream, and black, bent and twisted in the most fantastic and becoming way, and caught up at the left side with a large jet buckle. It is trimmed with a high-spraying bow of black satin ribbon, bordered with an appliqué of cream lace, and is altogether wonderfully effective, the style being perfect, as I think you will allow when you look at the sketch. One of the bonnets, which is particularly quaint and pretty, is of violet velvet, with a small peaked crown, ornamented with lines of bright green silk wire, precisely similar to that used for edging the brims of hats and such-like purposes, though we have been so used to having it concealed as much as possible that it is quite a shock to see it appearing boldly outside in the guise of trimming. We shall soon get used to this, however, for it is ordained that this wire is to be very fashionable indeed this season, and it will appear on most of the smart hats and bonnets. At each side of this particular bonnet is placed a long, high bow of violet velvet, fastened with a twist of green, while in the centre is a high bow of green velvet, with a touch of violet introduced, the strings being of the green velvet. Two little humming birds are lightly poised at the back of the crown, their wings resting on the hair beneath.



I don't think you would often find anything smarter, but if you prefer something not quite so striking you have only to turn to the other bonnet, or rather capote, to which I quite lost my heart. It is of tan-coloured cloth—the shape suggesting the Puritan—and is edged with a band of olive-green velvet, the back being prettily gathered into a bow of the velvet. At each side is a wing-shaped bow of velvet, lined with cloth, while at the left side is also placed a tiny green bird.

So much for the illustrations; but I have by no means come to the end of my stock of descriptions, so I hope you are not even beginning to feel weary yet. Even if you are, I think I can re-awaken your interest by telling you of a distinctly startling bonnet of orange-coloured velvet, studded with jet sequins, and arranged handkerchief fashion to show a lining of white satin. It was bordered with a narrow edging of curled black ostrich feathers, and trimmed in front with two Mercury wings of shimmering green, powdered with jet sequins, from the centre of which rose a green osprey and jetted antennæ. Though the description certainly does sound startling, the bonnet itself was in perfect taste, and the colours harmonised so well that there was no suggestion of a jarring element.

Just to go to the other extreme, I noticed, with special favour, a most dainty little Puritan bonnet of sage-green cloth, a *chou* of pale blue silk and a green wing being placed at each side, while in the centre were two jetted antennæ. The crown and brim were encircled by rows



A NEW BANDEAU.

of black silk wire, and the black velvet strings came from two more pale blue *choux*, placed coquettishly at the back of the bonnet.

I am afraid I lost my head over the bonnets, for they were all so charmingly pretty that I quite forsook the hats in their favour, as I think any of you would have done if in my place. However, almost every girl wears a bonnet at some time or other, as she quite realises its attractions, and refuses to give it up entirely to her married sisters. Having duly vindicated my partiality, I will just tell you about one more bonnet and then hold my peace on the subject. This last one was of olive-green velvet, with a deep border of jet sequins. It was caught up away from the face in front with two diminutive black ostrich feathers and two rosettes of violet velvet, while a jet lobster claw was arranged Mercury fashion at each side. The strings of green velvet were each knotted midway in a very quaint and pretty manner. I hear that large velvet hats will be likely to prove fashionable later in the season, and as to shape, we shall go to extremes, and either indulge in huge picture hats or the most diminutive of capotes. The silk wire, as I have already told you, will be one of the most important features in the way of new trimming.

I had almost forgotten to tell you about the new bandeau which I have had sketched for you, and that would certainly have been a great omission, as it is a particularly dainty and pretty little hair ornament for evening wear. It is of pale sea-green velvet, with a rosette of pale mauve velvet, and three high twists of the green, intermixed with a wired bow of lace. The combination is most effective, and I am certain that any woman who tried on the bandeau would never be content to go away without it. However, as it is not at all costly, no one need fear the temptation.

As to gowns, I find that in Paris they are making some with very curious, and, to my thinking, not altogether pretty, skirts, which are arranged with an upper skirt cut in deep points over an underskirt of

a different material, trimmed to match. Double skirts of any kind always have an unfortunate tendency to make the wearer appear stumpy and short, and this cutting-in-two process is rendered more noticeable by the introduction of the deep points, so I do not fancy that these skirts will meet with much favour or be very generally adopted. Some brave spirits, pining after novelty, may, of course, make use of the idea; but I should advise everyone who does not happen to be "most divinely tall" and slim to hold carefully aloof from it.

As Dame Fashion has seemingly no further secrets to reveal at present, silence shall be my portion and yours for the time. I say this because I see that the male attire of fashion has been the *pièce de résistance* of some of my contemporaries; but if our brothers, husbands, and cousins looked ten times more hideous than they do in their top-hats and inartistic garments I would not help them by a single word of advice. In fact, the only possible way in which a man can be utilised in connection with fashion is that, if you want to get something to suit your own especial style, and ask one of the sterner sex for a suggestion, you have only got to adopt the exact opposite, and you may secure something worth having; but, of course, they are also most useful in another direction, for they generally pay the piper—namely, the modiste or milliner—so it is always as well to let them, or rather your own particular him, imagine that you carry out his suggestion. He will never be in a position to contradict you, for fashion in theory and practice is more dissimilar than chalk and cheese; besides, if once you inveigle him into the intricacies of an elaborate explanation he is bewildered at once.

Now I am going to desert fashion for the time in favour of homely comfort and utility, and advise you, if you wish to get through the late autumn and early winter free from colds and their attendant ills, to invest at once in some "Lanura" flannel, and have a stock of under-garments made of it in readiness for the chilly and cold weather, which must come upon us soon. It is so delightfully soft and light that even those sensitive people who cannot ordinarily bear to have flannel next their skin will be able to make an exception in its favour; and as to its wear, it is practically endless, for it is entirely composed of pure, undyed wool. It is excellent, too, for dressing gowns, sleeping suits, &c., and for children it is, of course, especially excellent, while "Lanura" sheets are invaluable for rheumatic patients. Altogether, "Lanura" is a positive boon, and you should certainly send for patterns to the "Lanura" Company, Limited, 10, Aire Street, Leeds, or ask your draper to show you some samples. You might, at the same time, have a look at "Silcura," a combination of pure wool and silk, which, of course, for those who can afford to indulge in luxuries, is even preferable to the plain wool. If you provide yourself with a stock of either of these materials you can brave the cold weather with impunity, and this is a recommendation which will appeal to most of you, I am sure.

FLORENCE.

THE ART OF AMERICAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

The art of advertisement, be it of self or of stock-in-trade, certainly flourishes in America, and above all in Chicago. It would be really interesting to make a collection of some American advertisements, they are so ingenious in wording, ingenious in drawing too, as some of the specimens collected in the Women's Building at the Fair bear evidence. There is one lady from Cincinnati who has quite a genius in that line. Here are two culled at random. A mother is whipping her little boy after the old-fashioned manner which we thought had not survived the days of Kindergarten. The letterpress runs—

It's FELT, that's why IT ISN'T FELT! How thankful that boy is that his mother wears an Alfred Dolge all-Felt Slipper! Just notice the twinkle in his eye. In the interest of parental discipline we feel in duty bound to provide mothers with an Alfred Dolge Felt slipper with a leather sole—a soft slipper for the feet, but a flexible, tingly terror when applied posteriorly. Here it is.

Here is another, containing some choice flowers of style. It is suited to the season, beginning with the words in bold type—

ARE YOU HOT?

It's your own fault! Mr. Hing Ling isn't hot, why should you be?

Do we mean you should dress like a Celestial dude, and cavort around your summer tourings with your shirt outside your nether garments? By no means; for, as it's business for the "shoemaker to stick to his last," so it's every man's duty to stick by the text and uphold all conventionalities of dress which custom, if not convenience, has ordained to be correct.

But you can dress like a "model" without boiling your cuticle!

It's just as easy to wear garments comfortably conformable to the temperature of the time as not to.

If you'll spend five minutes perusing our illustrated catalogue at your outfitters', you'll catch the point, and, whether you prefer white shirts or summer negligees, you'll find in —'s make a range of textures seasonably suitable as well as aesthetically beautiful. Be comfortable. Wear —'s shirts. Write to us if we've left out something you want to know about.

HIS LAST EXPERIENCE.

MR. YOUNG POP: "I'll be cook myself, my dear, but bless me if I'll set foot in an intelligence office again! I picked out the most respectable-looking woman in the room, and, stepping up to her, said: 'Can you fill the position of cook?' She looked like our bantam fighting cock as she replied: 'I am *trying* to fill that of our coachman. I think you would suit admirably.'"—Life.



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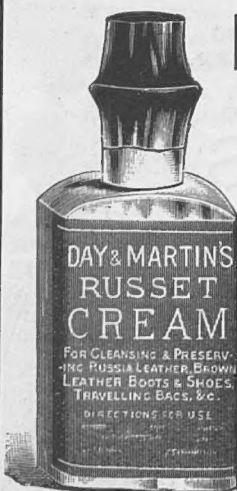
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